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THE most likely immediate outcome of the request for reconsideration of European debts to the United States is a further extension of the Hoover moratorium—perhaps for a further year. But European opinion cannot afford to forget that even this—and much more any proposal that the debts shall be cancelled or drastically scaled down—will be furiously opposed by influential political groups in the United States. The Democratic platform at the recent election declared unequivocally against cancellation; and Mr. Roosevelt's persistent contention has been that Europe can afford to pay if only the American tariff is so lowered as to allow payment to be made in goods. This constitutes, of course, a strong argument in favour of a moratorium, until that condition can be satisfied. But Mr. Hoover, who stands for a high tariff, cannot possibly admit the connection. Moreover, the lack of progress at the Disarmament Conference and the setback to the World Economic Conference alike dispose Americans to say that they do not see why they should help a Europe which shows so strange a disinclination to help itself. At the same time, the Americans do not at all want a *de facto* default by their European debtors, and they will almost certainly prefer an extended moratorium to facing this danger. Congress meets on December 5th—only ten days before the payment is due—and the most hopeful possibility appears to be that it will agree to a suspension of payments pending negotiations over a wider field—including the field of disarmament.

* * *

There seems, unfortunately, to be no doubt that the World Economic Conference has suffered a serious setback. The Preparatory Committee has so far accomplished practically nothing, and the Monetary Sub-committee has adjourned until January after an acrimonious and unproductive wrangle about the merits of the gold standard. It is now commonly stated that there is no real chance of the Conference itself meeting before April; and it is even doubted whether it will meet then. The root difficulty is, of course, that there is at present not even the beginning of an agreement among the leading Powers about what ought to be done, or even what ought to be discussed. The Ottawa Agreements have made practically hopeless any concerted attack on tariffs and other business in the way of world trade; and the proposal to raise world prices by international action breaks down in face of the determination of certain sections to make the general restoration of the gold standard a condition of their help, and of the refusal of others to dissever monetary action from action designed to reduce the non-monetary obstacles in the way of trade. In fact, so bleak are the prospects as to make many people very doubtful whether it is worth while to hold the Conference at all—even though to abandon it would be to throw up the sponge altogether, and to declare the intellectual as well as the economic bankruptcy of the capitalist world.

* * *

It may be that Jaurès was right in thinking that the Swiss militia system—" the nation in arms," as he called it—is less dangerous to other countries than a professional army. But would any professional army have acted as incompetently and recklessly as the Swiss militia has done in the recent trouble in Geneva? According to our own Geneva correspondent and to a number of other newspaper correspondents who were eye-witnesses of the affair, the crowd in the streets offered no problem that a properly trained police force could not have handled with complete ease. The Swiss police were not even allowed to deal with the situation. As our correspondent puts it: " If the Swiss system and Swiss methods existed in England, there would be partial mobilisation every time that there was a procession of unemployed or a meeting in Trafalgar Square." To send troops in single-file into the middle of a crowd so that they could be disarmed one by one is certainly the very extreme of folly, and to follow this up by ordering raw recruits to fire machine guns without warning into the crowd was to add brutality to futility. The results were that entirely innocent bystanders were killed or injured, that some of the boys who had carried out these orders fraternised with the crowd and that the Communists were offered a perfect field for propaganda. And all this outside the doors of the Peace Palace, where one of the principal proposals to be discussed is whether Germany shall be once more allowed to have a conscript militia.

* * *

The French Budget, which threatened to show a deficit of over twelve thousand million francs, has now been balanced—on paper. This has been done by removing over 3,600,000,000 francs of expenditure (1,550 millions for national equipment, and 2,070 millions for war pensions) from the Budget and deciding to finance these services out of loans. Over 1,300 millions are " saved " by reducing pay and pensions, and 650 millions by pruning departmental estimates and making certain administrative reforms. Increased and rearranged taxes are scheduled to yield an additional 4,000 millions. With the aid of these and other readjustments a precarious paper balance is to be achieved. Of course, the cessation of reparation payments has to some extent upset the French finances, but on a larger view the situation is mainly due to the economic burden of military expenditure in relation to the total tax revenue. In 1927 the French expenditure on national defence was under 8,000 million francs; in 1932 it is nearly 14,000 millions. A small reduction has indeed been made in the estimates of the war services for 1933; but the reasons for France's financial embarrassments are not far to seek in face of these figures.

* * *

The elections in Burma have caused little comment, but they provide an extremely interesting side-light on the working of democracy in the East. They were fought on the issue of separation from India, and a large majority which was expected in favour of this policy did not materialise. The result is a rather nice balance of forces. There are thirty-nine against separation, twenty-nine in favour, and nine who have not yet declared themselves on the question. The size of the anti-separationist vote must be ascribed to the fact that the Government was known to be in favour of separation, and to the lavish expenditure of funds by Indian industrialists who have considerable financial interest in retaining the present relationship. It is probable that these two factors will also be powerful in Indian elections for some years to come, for anti-British feeling has sunk very deep, and money is even more powerful in the early days of political organisation than at a later stage. The moral for the Conference is to avoid giving the Indian industrialist a patriotic plank on which he can appeal to the country. This is exactly what Sir Samuel Hoare seems determined to give. The real struggle during the next month is whether Whitehall will continue to control Indian finance. If the India Office wins, the moneyed interests will be in a position to unite all those popular forces which should be opposing them.

* * *

The Tory Party has been in travail and has brought forth—a pantomime guinea-pig. In plain words, a committee, " unofficial " but imposing in its personnel, of peers and members of the House of Commons, has produced a scheme for a reformed Upper Chamber. It would be a smaller body than at present—320 or so instead of 750—composed of 150 hereditary peers and 150 outsiders, together with the princes of the blood royal, the Law Lords, three archbishops and three bishops. The hereditary members would be elected by proportional representations from the whole peerage, the outsiders elected, also by P-R., by the county and county borough councils. Women would be eligible as well as men, and in order to give Labour a square deal anybody's income which fell short of £600 a year would be made up to that amount. To this body would be restored most, if not all, of the power of obstruction that was taken away by the Parliament Act of 1911. Who is going to treat this nonsense seriously? One of the staunchest Conservative newspapers promptly labelled the proposal " academic." Others have been ruder. To suggest that it is " democratic " is absurd; to suppose that it would get any support from the Labour Party or even from genuine Liberals is fantastic. A Tory Government could doubtless push it through a Tory Parliament and damn the consequences. But the consequences would pretty certainly be disastrous for them, and we do not fancy that either Mr. MacDonald or any sane person who may succeed him is likely to take the risk.

* * *

A much more startling affair is the report of another " unofficial " Conservative committee. This is the work of a number of back-bench economy-mongers, who have drawn up a scheme by which the Chancellor of the Exchequer is to save £100,000,000. Cuts amounting to £14,000,000 are proposed on education, £25,000,000 on transport and roads, £45,000,000 on local government expenditure and grants. The list of abolitions includes the Ministry of Transport, the Road Fund, the Empire Marketing Board, the Department of Overseas Trade, Sheerness Dockyard and the Royal Military Academy, housing subsidies and the rank of general. Civil servants are to work longer hours for lower pay. Teachers' salaries are to be further reduced. There are to be larger (no, this is not a misprint !) classes in the schools. But we cannot pursue this catalogue, which runs into almost every public department. The report has already roused a domestic storm ; its publication, it is said, is premature, and members of the committee are demanding the chairman's head on a charger. We are not quite clear what these protesters intended to do if they had had time to reconsider their handiwork. Were they going to add a few more items ? Or had they developed cold feet ? Mr. Neville Chamberlain has certainly been given quite enough to go on with.

* * *

Sympathetic as we generally are with nations struggling to be free we cannot muster up any enthusiasm for the cause of Scottish Home Rule, whose apostles are very active at the moment. The Scots are not an oppressed minority in this island. They have their own legal system and their own system of local government. They have even their own variant of the English language, with which large numbers of them, from the Prime Minister downwards, charm southron ears. In all the circumstances the setting up of a separate Parliament in Edinburgh seems to us an unnecessary—and in certain ways a reactionary—notion, and we are not surprised to see that an influential body of Scots has been formed to combat it. But to be opposed to this exaggerated nationalism does not mean satisfaction with the present system of government of Great Britain. That system needs drastic reform, both centrally and locally. The Imperial Parliament and the Cabinet are overloaded with work ; the local authorities are cramped and thwarted, as well as ill-adjusted to the services they have to perform. A reorganisation of functions and a devolution of powers are urgently called for. Scotland would naturally share in that and gain substantial advantage from it—far more advantage, we believe, than from making itself another Ulster.

* * *

The award of the Nobel prize to Mr. Galsworthy is, if anything, overdue. The selection would have had a greater air of inevitability some five or six years ago. Next to Shaw and Wells, he is probably better known and appreciated outside this country than any other British writer ; but at home the pristine splendour of his great reputation is already a trifle dim. His plays tend to "date," not only on account of their content but on account of its presentation ; Mr. Galsworthy, in spite of (or perhaps because of) his fairness of mind and his carefully distributed sympathies, is definitely insular and bourgeois in his point of view. He has never quite escaped from the shades of his public school prison-house. It is, however, by the *Forsyte Saga* and its sequel that his reputation will finally stand or fall, and though here again the artist's presentation does not altogether accord with our somewhat stark post-war mood, the Saga is unequalled in its own field and is likely to remain so. Mr. Galsworthy's growing crop of imitators—bears witness to the strength and range of his influence. He will be generally and deservedly congratulated on the recognition now accorded to his work.

There was undoubtedly plenty of substance in Mr. Cosgrave's vehement onslaught on Mr. De Valera in the Dail, and the Labour members who again gave Mr. De Valera his narrow majority were also severely critical of his government. Their attitude was that bad though Mr. De Valera's government was Mr. Cosgrave's would be worse. Mr. Cosgrave then made a bid for the support of the impoverished farmers by suggesting that they should be relieved of all annuity payments while the British punitive tariffs were in operation. Mr. De Valera countered by promising legislation which would permanently relieve the farmers of part of the land annuities. Meanwhile Mr. De Valera retains one strong card—the British Government's refusal to permit him to appoint a non-Empire member upon the proposed Tribunal of arbitration. For the rest his case is mainly unreasonable, and the one thing certain is that the forces of unreason are growing in the Free State as a result of economic pressure and nationalist propaganda.

* * *

An Irish correspondent writes : "I have been attempting to test for myself the reactions of Mr. Thomas's policy on the minds of the big Midland Irish farmers. I knew that Mr. De Valera's Government was holding its own amongst the small tillage farmers of Donegal and the West with whose outlook I am especially familiar. They have very few cattle to sell at any time ; and a good crop of potatoes and oats and plenty of turf make for them all the difference between times of plenty and of hardship. This year Ireland has been blessed with the most bounteous crop that has ever been hers within living memory. So that Mr. Thomas can hit his hardest so far as these people are concerned. But I did expect to find amongst the ranchers of counties like Meath a fierce determination to get rid of De Valera. Yet the effect of the tariffs seems to have been contrary to what might have been anticipated. One of the biggest cattle shippers in Ireland, who knows the farmers well, put the matter to me in this way : "These people would return De Valera in greater strength than ever. Not because they approve of the policy which has led up to the present position, but in a sort of despair. Their trade is ruined. They are head-over-ears in debt to their bankers, and they cannot pay their Land Annuities. The banks can do nothing, as they could not sell a mortgaged farm as things are now. They are now only paying their grocers and killing their own meat ; but if a government that tried to clear up the mess was returned, they fear that they would be pressed to ruin for their overdrafts and their annuities."

* * *

The B.B.C. celebrated this week the tenth anniversary of British Broadcasting. It is remarkable among the great wireless stations of the world for the imagination shown in its educational work and Sir John Reith is to be congratulated on preserving the B.B.C. from commercial influences. It is a striking example of the success of a self-governing autonomous Corporation. Its weakness is cowardice in the fields of politics, religion and social ethics, where official and orthodox pressure are constantly permitted to keep out the expression of new ideas. The B.B.C. has the power, if it has the will, to resist the timid authoritarianism which so easily besets a great national institution.

WAR IN THE AIR

THE road to disarmament, like the road to hell, is strewn with good intentions. The next few weeks will show whether the new French plan is to suffer the same fate as the protocols, treaties of mutual assistance, Tardieu proposals, Hoover proposals and other efforts of the past. It has merits undoubtedly, and it is not likely to be rejected without great searchings of heart. But it also has dubious and dangerous features, and it is exceedingly unlikely that it will be accepted as it stands. The critics are already busy on it. It looks remarkably strong on the side of security (especially French security) and remarkably weak on the side of disarmament. Its proposal to restore conscription in Germany is eyed askance—except by the German militarists, who like this, but dislike other proposals which they regard as designed to establish and perpetuate the hegemony of France. Nor is that idea confined to Germany; the Italians are equally suspicious, and in especial they are exercised about the position in the Mediterranean. In this country the plan has been greeted with more favour than some of its predecessors, because it apparently does not involve us in any new commitments of a serious kind. But that is a very negative ground for approval, and before we can pretend to any enthusiasm we shall want assurances on many points. In general we are concerned to know that the plan really means disarmament and not rearmament, or a mere manipulation of armaments. And in particular we are interested in air armaments. Reductions of military and naval effectives, the scrapping of battleships or the limitation of tanks, are desirable both for the saving of money and for their repercussions on national policies. But the supreme menace and the supreme horrors of war come from the air, and, unless Mars can be dethroned in the sky, there will be small gain in pin-pricking him on the earth and the sea.

Mr. Baldwin made a very moving speech on this subject in the House of Commons the other day. He did not say anything new, but he did what wants doing continually; he painted the aerial warfare of to-day and to-morrow in its true colour—which is inky black. He argued for the most drastic measures (though he could not define them) to meet the danger, and he only spoilt the effect of his appeal a little by suggesting that it was for the younger generation rather than for old men like himself to take the business in hand. If he really meant that, he had better resign, and let youth have a chance in the Government. But it would be waste of time to press this point, especially as it is certain that Mr. Baldwin is not going to resign, and we must hope and believe that he and his colleagues are more in earnest now than they seem to have been in the past. What, then, can they do? If we lived in a rational world, the answer would be simple—"abolish aerial warfare." But that in the present state of affairs is a counsel of perfection, and we shall have to be content with efforts to limit its scope. The French have proposed the prohibition of all bombardment from the air, and there is no reason why we should not support them in this; indeed, we are already as good as bound to it. It is true, as Mr. Baldwin urged, that it is easier to pass such a resolution than to ensure that it will not be broken. But the fact that when a nation is at war it may cast all restrictions, pledges, and scruples to the winds and play the devil in any way it can does not mean that restrictions and pledges are quite useless. They may have valuable deterrent or delaying effects on Governments, on general staffs, and on the public. And the banning of a particular weapon or method of warfare may lead to its use becoming unfashionable. There was a time when it was considered proper to mutilate your dead enemy, or even to eat him. Nobody, so far as we know, advocates a return to that practice. Nor even now does anyone demur to the prohibition of bacteriological warfare, though there were some who favoured its use in 1918. There is, of course, the argument that the humanisation of war may make war less and not more unpopular. But this, plausible though it sounds, is doubtful logic—the sort of logic which would suggest the introduction of the thumbscrew and the rack into the treatment of criminals (and their families). A much more serious question arises about the French proposal to equip a League of Nations air force with bombers. It is difficult to see why a weapon which is prohibited as too horrible for use by a man in a Ruritanian uniform should be less horrible if he puts on a Genevese uniform. We do not suppose that the present Disarmament Conference is likely to agree to any such League air force. But even if it did, it could not agree to the bombs without stultifying itself. For, apart from humanitarian or moral considerations, where are the bombs to come from, except from the countries which lend the airmen and the aeroplanes to the League? And in those countries the use and presumably the manufacture of the bombs will have been banned.

The prohibition of air bombardment, then, seems to us desirable on every ground. But it is not all that can or ought to be done to reduce aerial armaments. The complete abolition of fighting aeroplanes is still the ideal to be pursued, and to cut down their numbers is a step towards it. To that the British Government, if Mr. Baldwin represents their mind, can hardly be opposed. But some of their supporters and some of their experts in the Air Ministry have taken alarm in the last week or two. We can see no good reason for the alarm, since it has been made clear that the pacifistic designs of Ministers do not go to the length of contemplating any unilateral disarmament. If we could get agreement for an all-round reduction of fighting machines, it would pay us—and if we could get an agreement for an all-round abolition it would pay us still more, since this country is extremely vulnerable to attack from the air. The real ground of the Air Ministry's uneasiness, we fancy, is departmental pride or jealousy—the objection, in a word, that it is being singled out for attention whilst the sister services are spared. But that is scarcely a weighty objection, if it is, as we believe, in the air that the grand danger lies.

There remains the all-important question of civil aviation. On this will depend the efficacy of the measures taken for air disarmament. Obviously we are not going to abolish all flying; obviously it ought to be extended and developed in the interest of the world. But this involves some form of international control, and what that form is to be is by no means clear. The internationalisation of civil aviation is as yet nothing more than an idea and a phrase, a slogan or a bogy. We agree with Mr. Baldwin that we must come down to brass tacks about the problem—and the sooner the better.

RIGHT AND WRONG WAYS OF RAISING PRICES

IT has been, at any rate since the Ottawa Conference, an official part of British economic policy to work for a rise in world prices; and, despite the continuance of deflationary doctrines in certain academic circles, the overwhelming body of opinion in Great Britain is in favour of this course. The devising of ways and means of bringing about this much-desired advance in the world price-level is widely regarded as the most important task confronting the World Economic Conference. It is something gained that the British Government at Ottawa committed itself to a plain declaration in favour of this policy; but it has also in candour to be recorded that the monetary discussions at Ottawa gave no indication at all of the methods by which the object in view was to be pursued. In effect, we were told to wait for the World Economic Conference and then see what actual measures the preparatory committees would have been able to work up into a presentable form.

Since Ottawa, Mr. Neville Chamberlain has been a little more expansive; but we cannot feel in any degree reassured by what he has had to say. Unless his speech in the House of Commons last week bore some strange esoteric meaning it seems to show that he is thinking mainly in terms of bringing about a rise in commodity prices by relating supply to demand, or, in other words, by the enforcement of agreed restriction schemes designed to raise prices simply by the drastic reduction of the quantity of goods entering the market. This is surely a most hopeless and impracticable way of setting to work to achieve a rise in the general level of world prices, however effective it may be in certain circumstances in raising the prices of certain particular commodities, especially within the limits of a particular market.

The immediate circumstances most in Mr. Chamberlain's mind were doubtless those of the London meat market. London is actually so important a market for meat that, apart from the complications introduced by tariffs and quotas in other countries, the London price is in effect the world price. The increase in supply and the contraction of other markets have combined to cause an intense competition to sell meat in England; and this competition has forced down meat prices to an extent disastrous for the home producers. Under these conditions it is clear that prices can be raised, and can be raised only, by a restriction of supply. The limit of elasticity of demand has been reached—unless the margins between wholesale and retail prices can be radically cut. The Government, pressed by the home producers of meat to come to their rescue, has appealed to the importers to restrict at once the quantity of their imports. This is obviously to their interest if the restriction is applied to them all—for they are no fonder than anyone else of selling their wares cheaper than they need. There is, accordingly, from the standpoint of home producers and importers alike, a clear case for restriction of supply.

Let us admit that, if the consumers' claims can be met, there is a case, in the interests of the British livestock farmers, for restricting the quantities of imported meat to be placed on the British market. It remains very doubtful whether a rise in British prices brought about in this way will be effective in raising the world price. That surely can be done only by preventing the meat which is shut out of the British market from being sold in any other, and by restricting, by the same or different means, the quantity of meat sold in every market of importance. It may be possible, in view of the highly centralised control of the world's trade in meat, to bring this about, and so to raise the price of meat in the world as a whole. Even if this could be done it would depend on bringing about a reduced world consumption of meat, or, in other words, by lowering some people's standard of living. For, *pace* the vegetarians, the consumption of meat is certainly among the best indicators of the standard of living in different communities.

It is a somewhat curious way of restoring world prosperity to knock off the meat consumption of the marginal consumers. But Mr. Chamberlain's speech appeared to suggest that he was thinking of the application of this remarkable restorative not to meat alone, but to quite a number of commodities. Indeed, he spoke almost as if he hoped to get the world back to normal conditions by means of a whole series of valorisation schemes, each designed to raise the price of a particular commodity or group of commodities, and as if success in raising a number of such prices would somehow add up to a raising of the world price-level as a whole. In theory it is, no doubt, possible to raise the price of everything in turn by limiting the supply—though in practice there are a great many things whose supply will take a lot of cornering. But any such process is clearly self-destructive. It involves in each case restriction of output, it also necessarily carries with it an increase in unemployment, and in most cases a positive diminution of the total of purchasing power. Every particular rise in price achieved by this method inevitably has a tendency to depress the prices of other goods; and the wider the field over which it is applied the more drastic must the restriction of supply be in order to be effective in raising the price. To make this method of raising prices general is, in fact, impossible; and every use of it to raise the prices of particular things makes the problem of raising the general level of prices harder than it would otherwise be.

The increase in prices for which the world is looking is one that will enable more goods, not fewer, to be sold. There may in certain very exceptional cases—of which we do not deny that meat may be one—be valid reasons for wishing to raise the price of a particular kind of goods in order to save a threatened industry or increase home production. But even if we agree that such cases can exist, let us at any rate face the implications of taking action to deal with them. So far from contributing to the general rise in prices which we have in mind, they, like all the other quotas, tariffs, and restrictive schemes already in force, are bound to make the raising of world prices in general harder, however they may react upon prices within a particular area.

If we want to raise general prices, we must seek to do so by acting not upon the supply of goods, but upon the demand for them—including the supply of means of payment as a factor in the demand. The first condition of achieving this is necessarily monetary. Obviously it cannot be done without the aid of a banking policy designed to permit the means of payment to become plentiful enough to sustain an enlarged output of goods and services at a higher level of prices. But the problem is not purely monetary; even the existence of a banking system prepared to increase the supply of means of payment is not, in present circumstances, any guarantee that it will actually be increased. There must be, side by side with the reflationary banking policy which is an indisputable condition of success, a reflationary economic policy as well; for otherwise the deflationary effects of public " economy " will easily suffice to wipe out all that monetary expansion sets out to achieve. " Economy " will cancel purchasing power faster than the banks can create it and deflate prices faster than the banks can hope to reflate them.

Mr. Chamberlain, however, is wedded to " economy " as an integral part of the Government's policy. He has, therefore, since the Government is professedly in favour of raising prices, to seek means of doing this which the pursuit of public " economy " does not obviously render nugatory. He is therefore driven back upon the attempt to raise prices by reducing supply—in other words, to lift ourselves out of the pit of depression by our own bootstrings. He may be right in the very special case of meat, but he can be right only if and because it is a very special and exceptional case. To extend this method of raising the prices of particular goods over a wider field—as all too many people are now trying to do—is to make the task of raising world prices in such a way as to enable more goods to be produced and sold at the higher prices infinitely harder than it need be. Instead of planning fresh restrictions on trade, we suggest that Mr. Chamberlain should set himself the task of thinking how the existing restrictions can be removed or relaxed. If he is candid, he will have to admit to himself that these restrictions are mainly the result of low prices, and that any effects they have had in raising prices in particular markets have been far more than offset by their results in depressing prices further in the world as a whole. Let him meditate upon this and then consider what practicable plan for raising world prices in general Great Britain can lay before the World Economic Conference. Despite the follies of the past year, this country is still in a position to give the Conference that lead without which it is most unlikely to have any useful outcome.

THE PROBLEM OF LEISURE

IT is probable that the use of leisure, of all subjects the most neglected in the nineteenth century, will prove the most absorbing in the twentieth. A hundred years ago most people thought that if you took care of work, leisure would take care of itself. This was a natural corollary of the general view of social life prevailing at the time, for leisure was the concern of the few and the few had no difficulty in arranging their amusements. If you were a hard-faced business man you would argue that leisure, like the other privileges of wealth, was the reward of brains, industry, and self control, and that the poor man must wait till he earned it by becoming rich. If you belonged to the charmed circle of the aristocracy you would argue that the hands of the many provided the necessaries of life and the minds of the few gave it the beauty of form and colour. As the new industrial towns were ruled by men bred in the Puritan tradition, all art and grace were shut out from social life. Visitors from France and Germany were impressed by the advantage that the poor had on the Continent in respect of all the civilising pleasures in contrast to the advantage that the poor had in England in respect of food and clothing. This applied not only to music, drama, and public parks, but even to libraries. Mr. Minto's book, *A History of the Public Library Movement* (Allen and Unwin, 10s. 6d.), describing the uphill battle of Ewart and Brotherton in the 'forties shows that in this respect, too, the rich towns of England were behind the poorer towns of Germany, Italy, and France.

The most important revolution in modern times is the revolution that has swept away this great difference between rich and poor. Dr. Delisle Burns gives a graphic picture in his most interesting book on *Leisure in the Modern World* (Allen and Unwin, 8s. 6d.) of the remarkable stride that the world in general, and England in particular, has taken towards equality in the sphere of amusement, dress, manners, and social life. It is not too much to say that the success of this revolution is the chief reason why revolution of another kind has been so slow and patient under the stress of confusion and misery. Dr. Burns writes as an optimist on the cinema, the radio, the motor 'bus, and all the novelties that have produced this vast change. He is full of hope and enthusiasm for a world in which all classes laugh at the same jokes on the wireless, shudder at the same hairbreadth escapes at the cinema, and dash with the same violence over the roads. And even those who cannot share Dr. Burns' taste for speed and noise will agree that the world is a much better place for the mass of people than it was twenty years ago. For a poor man who wants something more than speed and noise has access now to pleasures once limited to the few.

There is, however, one obvious danger, and everything that is happening shows how grave that danger is. We may say, roughly, that the occupations of man fell in the nineteenth century under organised profit-making in such a way that they largely changed their character. A book like Mr. George Bourne's book on *The Wheelwright's Shop* enables us to understand what a lot such workmen lost in interest, variety, and scope for self-expression when one craft after another disappeared in mass production. The movement for shortening hours was largely a movement to save some part of man's life from the rod that ruled the factory. But its success has brought with it a new peril, for it has brought new openings for profit-making in the mass provision for amusement. Man's larger life, outside his occupations, is thus in danger of falling under the same power as that which has governed his economic development. Now, the balance of gain and loss in the industrial revolution is a subject on which men may argue for a lifetime, but nobody who can distinguish between one pleasure and another can fail to see that if the organisation of man's leisure is to follow the same law the consequences will be very serious for civilisation. For this would lead to concentration on those amusements that lend themselves best to this method of organisation and the survival and spread of particular forms of recreation just because it is easier to make profit out of them than out of others. At this moment I know a town which is not allowed to play a game of cricket or football or listen to music in the local cinema on a Sunday, but is allowed to spend Sunday morning and afternoon at a greyhound racing track, advertised by its proprietors as within five minutes' walk of a neighbouring church.

It is obvious that the more leisure a man has the more does his use of his leisure affect his character and his happiness. This is specially true of a modern society. Under modern conditions the part played by intelligence and imagination in industry is steadily reduced as routine methods become more and more common. Thus a man learns less from working than he learnt when he was a craftsman, and the development of his mind depends more on what he does when he is not working. There is a further consequence. Dr. Delisle Burns points out that a person following a routine occupation often day-dreams and the content of his or her mind at that time is coloured or occupied by associations created by his or her life and experience. Thus leisure overflows into work. A man's happiness at work thus depends on the way he spends his hours of leisure.

Roughly speaking, we may say that the main difference between an educated and an uneducated person is the difference between a person capable of taking an intelligent interest in some aspect of life and a man capable only of noticing only its sensational phenomena. One man can lose himself in reflection, the other only in excitement. This capacity for excitement has sometimes been encouraged to divert people from political agitation, but it has its dangers when so used. There comes a time when you get a population like that painted in Gibbon's picture of the Circus or Dion Chrysostom's account of the violent mobs at Alexandria. For excitement breeds its own disease, the disease described in a famous passage by Lucretius, in the man who shifts and turns and dashes from place to place in incessant restlessness, unable to find peace. Such people do not in the end make easy subjects. They certainly do not make good citizens. For in a democracy it matters supremely what kind of man emerges from the toil and the pleasures in which his life is spent. If the questions of war and peace are to be decided by the mass of the nation, a people capable only of responding to the stimulus of excitement, incapable, therefore, of a connected grasp of facts or ideas, is a desperate master. Unfortunately the amusements that provide excitement are the most profitable. It is more profitable to give a poor man an hour's gambling than an hour's music; to give him a greyhound-racing stadium than a playing field. The one chance, therefore, of preventing social life from being swamped by those excitements that take a man out of himself for an hour, leaving his mind or body no richer or healthier than they found it, is to organise the defence of those pleasures that serve a larger purpose. The invention of the B.B.C. is, from this point of view, as important as the invention of wireless. It has kept this new power out of the hands of the mere maker of profit. It represents a new form of co-operation between official and unofficial action. The first example of this system was the Development Commission, and this example has been followed by the rural community councils, bodies which collect all the enthusiasm and knowledge that are to be found in public and political societies serving special purposes. Mr. Vaughan Nash gave an account of these bodies in the *Times* the other day which showed how much ardour is being put into reviving drama, music, dancing, play in the villages, what is being done for the defence of landscape and history in the countryside, how vigorous a community of enjoyment is coming to life, as a result of the combined efforts of private bodies and public authorities. The first industrial revolution taught us that there are things that matter immensely to civilisation over which the energy that is born of commercial enterprise drives with blind indifference. If the control of man's leisure falls under that power we shall lose more in this second industrial revolution than we lost in the first.

J. L. HAMMOND.

A LONDON DIARY

MANY people in this country assume that the rule of gangsters in the United States will come to an end when Prohibition is abolished. The very remarkable utterance of Mr. G. L. Hostetter, the executive manager of the Employers' Association of Chicago, dispels any such happy delusion. The danger, on the contrary, he says, is that the whole of American industry will be "gangsterised." Already the gangs are moving from the liquor racket, which does not pretend to be legal, into business rackets which are commonly protected by a cloak of legality. He estimates, on the excellent authority of a Federal judge, that crime costs the United States from eleven to thirteen billion dollars a year—say four thousand million pounds—a sum "greater than the total cost to the United States of carrying on the world war. If this money were immediately available for public works or other constructive enterprise there would be no unemployment this winter in the United States." Rackets, Mr. Hostetter adds, have led to five hundred bombings in Chicago in the last five years, at a cost to property of a thousand million dollars. "Racketeering cost Chicago a yearly extortion bill equal to the cost of the whole City Government"—and Chicago is not much different from other cities. "There is not an avenue of endeavour in Chicago which is not feeling now, or has not at some time felt, the pernicious effect of racketeering, directly or indirectly." Already the gangsters are organised in national syndicates which operate "from coast to coast."

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This is striking enough from a leading American business man. But more remarkable is his analysis of the cause and suggestion of a remedy. "Business men," he says, must "search among themselves" and cease supporting the sort of politicians who look after their private interests. Rackets, he explains, are not "an invasion of alien criminals," but a native American product which arises from the state of mind which is accustomed to think any method fair to do down a competitor, and which condones any way of "fixing" the authorities in order to escape taxation. Rackets cannot exist without the co-operation of corrupt politicians, of business men, labour leaders, and trickster lawyers. At the bottom of it all, he says, is "cupidity and cowardliness." If respectable business men continue to connive at gangsterdom and complain, as they did in a recent instance he quotes, that they are prevented by the authorities from doing business with Al Capone, then, he asks, why worry about American institutions? Call the gangsters in and "let them run things for us on a percentage basis. It will give us more leisure for golf. Then hurrah for the Soviets!" I shall watch with great interest to see what effect this speech has on the Employers' Association. Mr. Hostetter is clearly an orthodox but outspoken man: his great fear is that capitalism may perish through its own corruption. Such appeals in the past have not hitherto led to much. But then former appeals have not said, as this one does, in effect, that gangsterdom is really nothing but a pathological extension of capitalism, based on the same motives and leading to a caricature of it in result.

* * *

The appointment of Einstein as Professor of Mathematical and Theoretical Physics at the New Institute for Advanced Studies in New Jersey is the first fulfilment of an exciting and revolutionary project. I have been waiting for this event ever since hearing the story of the inception of this Institute from Dr. Abraham Flexner when he visited England last year. The first stage was the publication (in this country by the Oxford University Press) of Dr. Flexner's *Universities*—a book which gave an admirable account of American, German, and British university education. The most startling and amusing part of the book described the growth of vocational and specialised research in American universities—the theses on the characteristics of deans of girls' high schools, on the duties of secretaries (871 of them, including "winding the clock" and possessing "charm"), the diploma in washing-up, and so on. The next stage was the unexpected offer of a very large sum of money for Dr. Flexner to spend on the creation of a university after his own heart. Dr. Flexner at once set about founding an institute of research which should not be distracted by business interests, examinations, or ball games. His central idea was that a university should grow round men, not round buildings. He therefore set to work to find great scholars and to offer them whatever they themselves wanted in the way of buildings and equipment, colleagues, research students, and staff. He has made a start by getting Einstein, who, with Professor Veblen (one of the two or three first mathematicians in the United States), will shortly open the first department of this unique Institute. I see that Einstein himself describes it as "heaven." He will give six months to the Institute and will visit Germany and go where he likes the other six. I gather Dr. Flexner next has in mind Departments of History and Economics, but I know that he will stick to his basic principle—only to start a department when he has found the right man.

* * *

The B.B.C. "Topical Talks" are sometimes very good and I like their unexpectedness, for one does not know the menu until it is announced by the announcer. I am not really a talks "fan" and it was largely owing to the fact that on Armistice Day the Topical Talk immediately followed a Brahms Sonata which gave me the chance of hearing it. It was well worth listening to, for we were "taken over" to Geneva and heard an extraordinarily apposite and eloquent dissertation on the French disarmament plan by Mr. Noel Baker. Mr. Baker was not merely eloquent, for he gave an admirably clear account of the French proposals. I hope that all the hundreds of thousands of wireless sets were tuned in to Geneva that evening and that their owners drew the moral from Mr. Baker's account—the moral that an immense responsibility rests upon the shoulders of Sir John Simon and the British Government. On the day following the armistice celebrations the B.B.C. gave us a fine example of its pusillanimity and the inveterate habit of its directors of yielding to the pressure of conservative and reactionary opinion. In the "Consider Your Verdict" series a trial for sedition had been announced. The prisoner in this mock trial was charged with making a pacifist speech in Hyde Park in which he incited soldiers to disobey orders by saying: "And you soldiers over there—though you are in uniform, you are men, and when they tell you to kill, don't fire, disobey." Apparently the authorities considered this to be much too interesting and dangerous a problem for the loyal inhabitants of Great Britain even to consider. It was announced that the mock trial would not take place. The excuse given was that "certain cases which might be considered in some respects analogous are in the hands of the Director of Prosecutions." A mock trial for perjury was substituted. How lucky that no case analogous to the perjury trial is in the hands of the Director of Prosecutions! Does not this rule make all mock trials impossible?

* * *

Mr. Registrar Dell, at the City of London Court, said:

> It hurt me very deeply, remembering my comrades on the Western front, to see a lady in a shop in Cheapside arranging poppies smoking a cigarette. A better spirit should be brought to this gesture of remembrance.

* * *

> If trading in armaments were illegal like trading in drugs there would be a question of moral responsibility. As it is, there is only a question of open competition.—Mr. Sopwith, a prominent aircraft designer, interviewed in the *Daily Express*.

* * *

> Mohammedanism was a religion which did a certain amount of good for tribes.—The Bishop of London reported in the *Times*, 11th November, 1932.

CRITIC.

THE MENACE OF THE RODENTS

NATURE is composed of innumerable delicately balanced forces, each essential to the rigidity of the whole structure. Man is continually upsetting this balance either by the ruthless destruction of established species or else by the thoughtless introduction of animals into new countries where natural checks, biological or physical, on their fecundity are absent.

It is usual to illustrate remarks such as these by reference to plagues of gipsy moths in America, of rabbits in Australia, or of starlings in New Zealand, to the misfortunes, indeed, of almost every country but our own. It so happens, however, that at the present time the introduction into Great Britain of the musk rat and the re-establishment in certain regions of the old English black rat are presenting us with problems which may well prove every bit as serious as those which confront America and Australasia.

With the widespread destruction of the larger carnivores, the result of more intensive settlement and of the perfection of firearms, one of the most important checks on the increase of the rodents, on which these animals largely prey, has been removed. At the same time the natural food supply of the rodents has been increased a thousand-fold by cultivation. While the carnivores, the wild ungulates, even the whales, are largely disappearing before the advance of man, the little rodents swarm about his feet and fatten themselves on his crops. Rifles, even machine guns, are useless against mice and rats; poison of any kind is a two-edged weapon; and even the most efficient mode of destruction, unless applied relentlessly and regardless of expense, usually fails to make any permanent impression upon animals with such amazing powers of reproduction.

For the rodent owes its success in the struggle for existence to its small size, its burrowing and nocturnal habits, but most of all to its fecundity. The smaller species produce several litters a year, each of them frequently consisting of eight or more young. Even in nature the possibilities of increase latent in this rapid rate of reproduction not infrequently find expression. For centuries past Europe has been amazed by the periodic appearance of hosts of lemmings, which, coming from the interior, descend in dense hosts on to the coasts of Norway and there plunge to destruction in the sea.

If such increases occur even when natural checks are present, how much greater would they not be if such checks were absent. What may happen under such conditions is well illustrated by the effect of the introduction of the musk rat into Europe. This animal is a native of North America and has been largely cultivated there for its fur which is sold as musquash. It is not a true rat, but a vole, a larger edition of our own water rat and similarly adapted for an aquatic life. It lives in ponds and streams, burrowing into their banks, and occasionally migrating across country to fresh waterways should its old quarters become untenable or food be scarce. In the winter it forsakes its burrows and lives in mounds or "lodges" of reeds and vegetation which it has previously accumulated. Like the majority of rodents, the musk rat is nocturnal, and herein lies a great danger, for its absence by day, and the fact that the openings of its burrows are usually under water, may lead to its presence being undiscovered until the river or canal bank, honeycombed with burrows, has collapsed. Untold damage can be done in a short time in this way.

In America the animal is kept within bounds by natural checks, and it is also rigorously exterminated in regions where it may do damage to the waterways. But there are many areas of marsh land, quite useless for other purposes, where the cultivation of the musk rat has proved a profitable industry, and many millions of skins are marketed annually.

In 1905 five musk rats are known to have been released near Prague. Although no other individuals are known to have been introduced, the musk rat population of Central Europe was estimated twenty-one years later at not less than one hundred million!

The breeding of musk rats began in this country about five years ago from stock purchased from Canada and in the hope of large profits. Although the first animals were carefully penned escapes soon occurred, while in certain areas, notably Shropshire and in the Earn Valley in Scotland, rats were deliberately set free to form natural colonies. They have now firmly established themselves in many parts of the country and a serious situation is developing. After the attention of the Ministry of Agriculture and Fisheries was directed to the peril by various scientific bodies a Bill was ultimately drawn up which became law this year as the Destructive Imported Animals Act. The first prosecution under this Act took place in August and attracted some popular attention. Unfortunately, although this Act may prevent further escapes, it may be too late to prevent animals already at liberty from spreading far and wide and doing enormous damage.

Then there is the danger from the reintroduced black rat. This forms the third act in a remarkable drama that has had profound effects on the health of this country. The first act began somewhere about eight hundred years ago, when the old English black rat, *Mus rattus*, which came originally from the forests of the Far East, invaded England. This animal lives and breeds in houses and always in close contact with man. It is the host of the flea which carries the bacillus of bubonic plague, and the succession of terrible plagues which swept Europe from the time of the Black Death to the Great Plague of London can all be traced to the black rat.

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* Since this article was written a great increase in the numbers of musk rats in Shropshire has been reported. They number now at least 20,000 and infest an area of about 300 square miles.

Near the end of the eighteenth century the second act opens. The brown rat appeared. This animal, larger and hardier than its predecessor, suddenly swarmed out of its home in the plains of Asia and poured westward into Europe. In 1727 the waters of the Volga were seen to be black with hosts of migrant rats. The black rat could not withstand the attacks of the invader, and in the course of about a century was practically exterminated, surviving only in ships and the top floors of large warehouses in the neighbourhood of docks. The brown rat had no partiality for man. It was hardy and could live in the open and preferred ditches and hay ricks or sewers and slaughter-houses to the homes of man. The friendly black rat had been replaced by the suspicious and ferocious brown rat, but bubonic plague disappeared, for though the brown rat carried the plague bacillus it avoided man as much as its predecessor had sought him.

Such seemed the end of the play until, during the present century, a third act began to unfold. The brown rat has been denounced as a pest which must be exterminated. New factories have been built with rat-proof basements, and many of the modern regions in London and other great cities have been largely cleared of brown rats in this way. But the chamber, swept and garnished with such care and at such great expense, is not being kept vacant. As Mr. M. A. C. Hinton, of the British Museum, has recently pointed out, the black rat is coming back, and is already the commonest rat in certain parts of London. Not only has its ancient enemy been removed, but man has kindly provided roof kitchens, sky-lights, and telephone wires. The black rat has returned with alacrity to the habits of its arboreal ancestors and passes from roof to roof by wires and cables. Fortunately up to the present it is abundant only in regions of London where few people live at night, but should the campaign against the brown rat ever allow its rival again to invade the habitations of man, particularly near docks, the risk of new outbreaks of plague will be extremely grave. Must we always wait until disaster overtakes us before we call in the aid of science?

C. M. Y.

THE BRIGHT EYES OF DANGER

A YOUNG man of twenty, whose brother was recently killed in the most terrifying circumstances while motor racing at Brooklands, has announced during the week that he intends to take up motor racing himself as soon as he comes of age. His relations, he declares, do not approve of this, but he is certain that his dead brother "would not have had me alter what I have been living for since I was eight years old." Indeed, he contends that his brother would have encouraged him warmly "to go in for the sport, to keep the old family flag flying still."

As a complete stranger, I confess I admire the young man's spirit, and would say nothing to dissuade him from carrying out his intention. If I were one of his relations, however, I should behave as his relations are doing. I have always been as nervous about the young as a hen with a brood of ducklings. If I see a young relation bathing even, my instinct is to shout: "You've gone far enough. There's a current out there. Turn back"; and, indeed, I never feel quite happy till the swim is over. If a young relation drives a car I use all my efforts to prove that far the most pleasant pace at which to drive is twenty miles an hour or under. If it is a damp autumnal day I say: "Go very slowly, or you may skid on these wet leaves." If a young relation goes near the edge of a precipice I plead, I entreat, I go pale. If a young relation proposed to go up in an aeroplane I should do all in my power to prevent this. I encourage everybody else to go up in aeroplanes, but not my young relations. My life, indeed, is a continuous series of apprehensions when I am with the young. And I must say that I am in a twitter even about the perils of the young who are not related to me. I never see a child lying on its stomach on the parapet of a bridge with its head well over the water for a better view without longing to seize it by the legs and restore it to safety. Children playing about the motor-infested streets are a constant cause of torture to me. But, if the child is related to me, my miseries are doubled. I cannot hear even that a young relation is working in the garden without thinking about cuts that may produce lock-jaw.

This, I think, is very bad for young relations, or would be if they paid the slightest attention to their elders. Theoretically, I am all for education in fearlessness; but, when it comes to a possible occasion for a display of fearlessness, I always feel that somehow this is an occasion that calls for caution. My golden rule for the young is, "Be courageous"; my practical precept is, "Be careful." There is no reason why the two rules should not be combined, but I find myself again and again discouraging courage as being too dangerous. If I had a son I know I should endure agonies if I watched him playing Rugby football. I should hate him not to play it, but half my instincts would tempt me to find some reason for dissuading him. I should be like one of those mothers whose sons, in the old-fashioned phrase, are tied to their apron-strings. If I were not too lazy I should want to bring all children up in cotton-wool. I should discourage all enterprise and give a child a mollycoddle's education, while longing to see it grow up a hero.

There could not be a more dangerous type of parent. If everybody were like me, and the young were obedient, adventure would cease in the next generation. There would be no more attempts on Everest. The conquest of the air would not only go no farther, it would come to an end. I doubt whether anyone would have the spirit to go out in a lifeboat, and even the fire brigade would probably disappear for lack of recruits. There might still be horses ready to jump in the Grand National, but there would be nobody to ride them. Even the Oxford and Cambridge boat race would cease because of the fear that it might strain the hearts of the rowers. There would be no more emigration, for how can one help being anxious about relations living in distant lands? War would undoubtedly come to an end, but the world would have become so spiritless that any man of spirit would welcome war as a change for the better.

Fortunately, these things can never happen. A schoolmaster recently maintained that they are already happening—that the new generation of boys is less ready for risks, hard knocks, and adventures than the generation before the war—but I see no signs of this. The nineteenth century, in some respects, I admit, encouraged adventure more effectively than the present age. It was a century of large families, in which some of the children were kicked out of the domestic nest by circumstances as ruthlessly as the brood of a hedge-sparrow are turned out of the nest by a young cuckoo. There was no room for them at home, and they were shipped abroad by every boat. There was scarcely anyone then who had not relations in Australia, South Africa, Canada, India or China. In those days all the world held out invitations to the young: to-day, the greater part of the world has closed, or half-closed, its doors. There is nowadays scarcely anywhere on the face of the earth where a benevolent parent can send even the black sheep of the family. Neither brains nor black-sheepishness can any longer find the same openings across the seas. It is to this, I fancy, and not to the disappearance of the spirit of adventure, that the apparent lack of enterprise among the modern young is due. Adventure was compulsory when families were enormous and when human beings could circulate freely in search of a living over the face of the globe. Adventure of the same kind is not only not compulsory to-day : it is prohibited by laws more difficult to surmount than tariff walls.

The spirit of man, however, cannot be quenched by prohibitions like these; and a change in the form of adventure is no sign of decadence. If I were as sure of the wisdom of the younger generation as I am of its courage, I should feel that the world was on its way to a very pleasant harbour indeed. Not that any previous generation was particularly wise; but, as a rule, it is lack of wisdom rather than lack of courage that has plunged the human race into troubles. If we consider the conflicting nations to-day, is there a single one that can be accused of lack of courage? The Russians, the Poles, the Germans, the Italians, the French, the British—they have all enough courage to rush to perdition, and the really important question is whether they have enough wisdom to save them from rushing to perdition. Mr. de Valera's followers in Ireland and Mr. Cosgrave's are both quite dangerously fearless; and fearlessness can be as dangerous to a country as a pestilence. Unless the present generation can give evidence of the possession of something more than courage the present generation is doomed.

Yet courage in itself is so lovely that we cannot even read about it without a quickened heartbeat. It delights us even in the devil. Every reader of *Paradise Lost* finds his heart warming to Satan, despite the fact that he is the monster who brought death into the world and all our woe. Nothing pleases the novel-reader more than the heroic death of a perfect blackguard. An aristocratic father once said to his son : " It is better to be a blackguard than a coward," and all novel-readers agree with him in their hearts. I have always been of the opinion that a coward can lead a fairly happy life if he does not allow himself to be unduly perturbed by the fact that he is a coward; but he misses the second greatest pleasure in life—fear conquered as a strong rider conquers a mettlesome horse—and others feel no elation in its presence. He is no more than half a man. And he suffers considerably more from his fears than he could suffer from any of the perils he dreads.

Hence, as an impartial outsider, I should not be inclined to discourage the young motor racer from doing the thing that he loves best in life, however dangerous. It is doubtful whether in the end worse things befall the adventurous than the over-cautious. If he were my son I should even be theoretically in favour of the young man's choice. I should, of course, take every possible practical step to dissuade him, and should try to bribe him into security if I had the money. As a stranger, however, I can applaud without bias the spirit of the new generation.

Y. Y.

A MEANS TEST FOR ARMAMENTS

NOW every Government is bent
(Or says so) on Disarmament,
The only reason 'neath the sun
Why nothing actually gets done
Seems to be this : while every State
Is anxious to elaborate
A practicable working scheme
(Neither too timid nor extreme),
Each finds some practical objection
To every other Power's selection ;
And soon, no doubt, they'll come to blows
About the methods they propose
For bringing quarrels to an end—
Unless, indeed, they condescend
To scrap the lot, and, as one man,
Accept the new " MacFlecknoe Plan."
  The scheme is simple : I'd prepare
For every State a questionnaire—
" Are debts and interest duly paid ?
In transport, industry, and trade,
Are any workers unemployed ?
Is ample capital enjoyed
By factories and ports of shipment
For first-class, up-to-date equipment ?
Are necessaries cheap or dear ?
Does any slum remain to clear ?
Have you achieved an A1 nation
By welfare-work and sanitation ?
Are children adequately fed ?
Has every child, however bred,
A training suited to its powers ?
Have you reduced your working hours ?
And can you take a fitting part
In fostering music, science, art ? "
  If any State (would there be *one* ?)
Could prove that all these things were done,
Nor could one farthing more be spent
On trade or social betterment,
What cash remained, it well might waste
On tanks and bombers to its taste.

MACFLECKNOE.

Correspondence

ARMISTICE DAY

To the Editor of THE NEW STATESMAN AND NATION.

SIR,—Am I wrong in believing that there may exist a more general than expressed idea that something is wrong with our Armistice Day celebrations ?

" And what was dead, was hope ! "

Is it too soon to suggest that to future Armistice Days representatives of former allies and enemies should be invited and that they should join with us in an act of pardon and reconciliation ?

Are we forgetting that to the rising generation our memories and griefs must already seem a little pathetic and a little puzzling as we mourn the past but seem to make no effort to ensure a different future ?

Ought we not to make Armistic Day a day for youth and hope ?

19 Arbour Street, Southport. R. N. WATSON.

BRITISH ANTI-WAR COUNCIL

To the Editor of THE NEW STATESMAN AND NATION.

SIR,—The increasing tensity of the international situation is now very generally admitted. The continued crisis in the Far East, the rapid degeneration of the European situation typified by the imminent rearming of Germany, and lastly the denunciation of the Anglo-Russia Trade Treaty as a first result of the attempt to align the British Empire against the rest of the world at Ottawa must surely have convinced even the most sceptical that the danger of war is real and growing.

As a result of an important International Conference, attended by over 2,000 delegates, held at Amsterdam on August 26th last, National Anti-War Councils have been set up in all the major countries of the world. These bodies do not attempt to recruit individual members, but rather to unite the activities of all organisations which are determined to resist war. Some forty local Anti-War Councils are already in existence in different parts of this country, and a very large number of Trade Union branches, Co-operative Guilds, local branches of political parties, and similar bodies are linked together with these local councils. Thus a formidable organisation for the resistance to war and to war preparations, not by the method of individual protest but by organised action on the part of the relevant categories of workers, is coming into being. (Anyone wishing to acquaint himself further with the principles of the Anti-War Council may obtain a pamphlet, entitled *The United Front Against War*, from the Hon. Sec., the National Anti-War Council, 53 Gray's Inn Road, London, W.C.1, price 1d.)

The British National Anti-War Council is faced with rapidly growing responsibilities. It is in urgent need of money. As British members of the International Committee, we appeal to those who wish to take part in a truly practical and effective effort at war resistance to send us a donation. Cheques should be made payable to the Treasurer, the National Anti-War Council, 53 Gray's Inn Road, London, W.C.1.

BERTRAND RUSSELL,
HAVELOCK ELLIS.

53 Gray's Inn Road,
London, W.C.1.

NATIVE JUSTICE

To the Editor of THE NEW STATESMAN AND NATION.

SIR,—Light on the social conditions prevailing in Kenya Colony is thrown by the report in the *Times* of East Africa of October 7, 1932, of the trial for manslaughter of Eric Hutton before a Judge of the High Court and a jury. There was no conflict of evidence as to the facts. A cow of Mr. Hutton's had died of some disease. His servants reported to him that certain natives were cutting the meat up and stealing it. Mr. Hutton took his revolver and with a friend went off in his car to where the carcase was. On its approach the natives dropped the meat and bolted. Mr. Hutton fired one shot at them from the car, then stopped the car and chased the natives on foot, firing, meanwhile, three other shots at them. The fourth hit one of the natives, who died a few days later of a bullet wound of the liver. The defence was, first, that the shots had been fired to frighten not to hit, and that the fatal wound was a ricochet from the ground, and, second, that a recent judgment of the Court of Appeal of East Africa had laid it down that a man had the right, when a thief ran away and refused to stop when shouted at, as had happened in this case, to bring him down by gun-fire "as a felon fleeing from justice." The only medical evidence was that of the doctor who had made the post-mortem. He said that the condition of the bullet showed that it had not ricocheted. On the other point, the Judge agreed that the Court of Appeal had so decided an escaping thief might be treated, but added that he hoped the Court would consider that the decision needed "explaining." The jury unanimously acquitted Mr. Hutton and he was discharged.

Addressing the Court after the acquittal, Judge Thomas said: "It would be extremely dangerous for people to adopt this sort of attitude. Natives who might be stealing meat were not in his opinion to be considered as vultures or eagles to be shot at. He did not want it to go forth from his Court to the Colony that Europeans shooting natives as if they were dogs, assuming that was so, were not guilty of an offence, particularly in the daytime. In the case before the Court there may have been exceptional circumstances brought before the jury, and he was not suggesting that he disagreed with the verdict in the present case."

NORMAN LEYS.

Brailsford, near Derby.

THE SAVAGE PILGRIMAGE

To the Editor of THE NEW STATESMAN AND NATION.

SIR,—A paragraph appeared in THE NEW STATESMAN AND NATION of last week dealing with myself and Mrs. Carswell's book, *The Savage Pilgrimage*. For this paragraph Mr. Secker, the publisher of the new edition of the book, has informed me he is in no way responsible. I do not know, and forbear to guess, who is responsible for it; but since it contains a number of false statements concerning me, and raises a question of considerable importance for literary morals, I must be allowed to reply to it.

Mrs. Carswell's book in its original form contained a series of false and libellous statements about me. It was open to me not merely to demand that those statements should be corrected, but also that I should be paid adequate compensation. For reasons with which I need not trouble you I carefully refrained from the second, and was content with an apology from the publishers and the withdrawal of the book pending the correction of those false statements. Immediately afterwards Mrs. Carswell made a statement to the press saying that "she refused to withdraw anything." I therefore refused the suggestion (not made, as far as I know, by Mrs. Carswell herself, but by Mr. Shane Leslie) that I should contribute a chapter to her book. I saw no reason why I should do for Mrs. Carswell what she deliberately and publicly refused to do herself—namely, correct the false statements about me in her book.

But I made, in return, what seems to me the eminently fair suggestion that the whole matter should be submitted to the arbitration of a disinterested third party, agreeable to Mrs. Carswell and myself, before whom I could put the documentary evidence of the falsity of her statements, and whose decision should be binding. What the arbitrator required Mrs. Carswell to rewrite must be rewritten. To this suggestion no reply was made. Nothing was left for me but to write a book myself to make public the evidence for the falsity of Mrs. Carswell's narrative.

I have not, and never have had, any desire to suppress Mrs. Carswell's book. It is, within circumscribed limits, a valuable account of Lawrence. But I do, most emphatically, insist that her series of demonstrably false statements concerning me shall be withdrawn. Mrs. Carswell was in honour bound to apologise to me for those statements. She has done nothing of the kind. She has publicly stated that she refuses to withdraw them. Nevertheless, I do not think they will reappear in the new edition of *The Savage Pilgrimage*, as your paragraph intimates they will. If they do, I have no choice but to take proceedings against Mrs. Carswell and her publisher.

I have made every possible effort to reach an accommodation with Mrs. Carswell. I have even agreed to the suggestion made by Messrs. Boriswood that her book should be republished in its entirety, on condition that the new issue contained a brief prefatory note by myself merely pointing out the pages on which her false statements concerning me were to be found, and indicating the pages of my own book where their falsity is demonstrated.

So soon as this arrangement had been made with Messrs. Boriswood Mrs. Carswell repudiated it. I really do not know how to deal with such an opponent.

J. MIDDLETON MURRY.

The Old Rectory.
Larling, Nr. Norwich.
November 11, 1932.

[We have shown Mr. Murry's letter to Mrs. Carswell, who comments as follows:

> Mr. Murry's letter calls for no detailed reply. It is enough to say that, after giving the most careful consideration to his objections and to all other relevant matters, I have made such corrections, omissions, improvements and additions in *The Savage Pilgrimage* as have seemed good.
>
> Mr. Murry admits that he refused the offer early made by me—*my* offer, though the suggestion was Mr. Shane Leslie's—but he goes on to say that he agreed to the same proposal when, later, it was made to him, though this time not by me. What he does not say is that he made it an imperative condition with Messrs. Boriswood that (leaving one passage not touching him) *no alterations whatsoever* should be made in the original text. In finding this undesirable when it was put to me, I repudiated no "arrangement." By then circumstances had changed—for one thing the type had been distributed before Mr. Murry's reply was received. Naturally if the book had to be reset I preferred that it should be also revised. Besides, I like revising my books, and I have especially welcomed the chance which has enabled me to indulge my taste with regard to this one. I trust that my revision will also satisfy Mr. Murry.

[Mrs. Carswell herself had no responsibility for Critic's original statements, and we regret that they should have caused any misunderstanding about the reissue of the book.—ED., *N.S. & N.*]

GEORGE CANNING

To the Editor of THE NEW STATESMAN AND NATION.

SIR,—In your issue of the 12th I am afraid Mr. Stirling Taylor has got his argument wrong. He started by arguing that Canning was "superficial." I replied by stating that—in two respects (both of which he omits to note in his reply)—Canning's influence was still with us. These were (a) certain points of international law, e.g., doctrine of recognition of states and duties of neutrals. On these his doctrines have been universally accepted and therefore have led to peace. (b) Foreshadowing of the only times at which European Conferences could be successful. He foreshadowed the League of Nations—which again has led to peace—and most remarkably anticipated the result. Indeed had the governments of Europe accepted his suggestions at the time (to which he was willing to commit England) a new era in world government on League lines would have begun at once. (c) I also pointed out that in the domain of pure policy his ideas had lasted till 1914, and distinguished this from (a) and (b). This seemed to me another argument against "superficiality" but not necessarily at all a suggestion that it was right some eighty years after his death to adhere blindly to his views in essentially changeable matters. Indeed I intended to mark his influence in matters where it is doubtful if his successors ought to have adhered to it. It is surely a commonplace that pupils often misunderstand the master, by exaggerating his views or perpetuating his policy after it has ceased to be applicable. Canning himself clearly anticipated this in the domain of policy. Thus, to quote from *My Foreign Policy of Canning*, p. 471, he says: "Cases must arise upon facts which it is utterly beyond the powers of human foresight to combine and calculate beforehand," and again "You will be very careful not to lay down beforehand fixed resolutions for eventual probabilities." To take but one example. "The plutocrats," who according to Mr. Stirling Taylor "were the essential cause of the Great War," might well have been (and I think actually were) quite pacific people in Cannings time. I think Mr. Stirling Taylor must have his tongue in his cheek in making Canning responsible for the war of 1914. HAROLD TEMPERLEY.

Peterhouse, Cambridge.

SAVING AND SPENDING

To the Editor of THE NEW STATESMAN AND NATION.

SIR,—Mr. J. A. Hobson's interesting article on Saving and Spending would be more convincing if he dealt with the question, what happens when the contemplated public works are completed? The taxation, which he refuses to call a burden, remains perhaps for sixty years till the debt is paid off, but the work and consequent increased purchasing power cease.

In a question of this kind, wise public authorities, like wise individuals, look ahead. C. E. THEODOSIUS.

Oxford and Cambridge Club.

To the Editor of THE NEW STATESMAN AND NATION.

SIR,—The conclusions reached by Mr. J. A. Hobson in his article on Saving and Spending in THE NEW STATESMAN AND NATION for November 12th appear to be based on a tacit assumption—namely, that there is a certain "correct" proportion of income which can be used for investment without causing any disequilibrium between prices and incomes. The following reasoning seems to indicate that this assumption is untenable.

(1) It is obvious that the incomes distributed by the industrial system are less than or equal to the prices created: they cannot be greater.

(2) All incomes reaching the individual are charged into the prices of consumption goods: that is to say, for every £ of income there is an equivalent price-ticket somewhere.

(3) Hence any abstention from the spending of income on consumption goods results in a part of these goods remaining unsold; *i.e.*, investment in any amount, large or small, produces a discrepancy between production and consumption.

There is doubtless some flaw in this argument, but it would help at least one non-expert reader if Mr. Hobson could elucidate the point. R. WENTWORTH.

72 Westbury Road,
New Malden, Surrey.

WORK OR MAINTENANCE

To the Editor of THE NEW STATESMAN AND NATION.

SIR,—In your note on the Report of the Royal Commission on Unemployment, you state that if private enterprise cannot meet the claim for work or maintenance, it stands condemned. Now that is probably correct, but not perhaps quite in the sense you have in mind. The phrase "Work or maintenance" is an easy one to get off the tongue, and like most catchwords it is often used as a substitute for thinking. But I am sure you would not use it merely as a catchword, and I should be glad to have a reasoned defence of the principle you have in mind.

Since the days of Elizabeth the Poor Law has provided in some sort for the maintenance of the destitute, but the claim implied in the phrase you use presumably means the provision of a guaranteed income fairly similar in amount whether one is working or not. If this is so, is it not premature to ask for it while the function of human breeding—the most important of all social functions—is left to private enterprise? Under private enterprise, any careless, good-for-little fellow may assist to produce a dozen children. Nobody has asked him to do so. Society has not selected him as a suitable father of citizens. But there the children are. They may be brought up well or ill. They may become assets or liabilities to the community. It is claimed, apparently, that the community is responsible for these products of unregulated private enterprise. They are entitled to work or maintenance. What is puzzling me is upon what ground such a claim against the community can be sustained. G. J. A.

Golders Green.

[Our correspondent will find a reasoned defence of the principle of "work or maintenance" in Ch. IV of the Minority Report of the Royal Commission. The claim does not necessarily mean, as he suggests, the provision of "a guaranteed income fairly similar in amount whether one is working or not"—though it might mean that in a Socialist society. Under present conditions it means, in the words we used last week, "maintenance at a decent living standard." The Minority Commissioners recommend that benefits should be restored to the level at which they stood before the reductions of November, 1931—a standard of living which certainly does nor err on the side of generosity.

The other question which our correspondent raises—State control of breeding—is obviously too big a one to argue here.—ED. *N.S. & N.*]

LABOUR AND THE BANKS

To the Editor of THE NEW STATESMAN AND NATION.

SIR,—Most of Mr. Davenport's further letter needs no answer. But may I assure him and your readers that I do *not* believe the price-level can be controlled simply by regulating the volume of credit. I neither do believe nor ever have believed this. But I hold, and I presume he agrees, that regulation of the volume of credit is one essential element in the control of the level of prices. G. D. H. COLE.

[This correspondence is now closed.—Ed. *N. S. & N.*]

VOCATIONAL GUIDANCE

To the Editor of THE NEW STATESMAN AND NATION.

SIR,—May I bring to the notice of your readers the existence of a Fund which we owe to the Women's Committee of this Institute, for the purpose of providing vocational guidance, either free or at a reduced charge, for those who are unable to afford its cost of three guineas. This fund is available for lads and girls at the age of leaving school and for young adults who have become dissatisfied with their work. No one can be happy and efficient when forced into an occupation for which he is unfitted whether by physique, abilities or temperament. Quite needlessly many young people are condemned to such bondage, partly because they are unaware of their own capacities and limitations, and partly because their parents and teachers have only a superficial knowledge of occupational requirements. Paradoxical as it may seem, vocational guidance is all the more important in these days of widespread unemployment because any initial error in choosing a career must be unusually difficult to rectify. Those who wish to recommend deserving cases for such assistance are asked to communicate with the Secretary of the Institute, from whom full particulars may be obtained.

C. S. MYERS.

National Institute of Industrial Psychology. Principal.

HOUSING DISTRESS

To the Editor of THE NEW STATESMAN AND NATION.

SIR,—I have read with considerable interest the correspondence which has appeared in the issues of your paper of October 22, and November 5, under the heading "Housing Distress." May I point out a very important aspect of the problem which seems to have been overlooked? The recommendations of the Inter-Departmental Committee not only seriously effect those houses between the rateable values of £20 and £45, but also those which will remain under control within the former limit.

I have been carrying out reconditioning schemes on the estates under my management, and it is quite obvious to anybody handling such schemes, that they are only practicable because these houses can be dealt with on a decontrolled basis as and when vacant possession is obtained. Thus they can be satisfactorily reconditioned, and ultimately let at moderate rentals. In this way, property which is structurally sound is prevented from deteriorating into slums, which would undoubtedly be the case if the landlord had no assurance that he could obtain a reasonable return on any money which he might spend in improving the property.

I am in complete agreement with the suggestion that steps must be taken to prevent profiteering by landlords, and, in fact, my proposal is that only houses which are properly reconditioned in accordance with schemes submitted and approved by an appropriate Committee shall become decontrolled, the Committee to consider and decide the fair decontrolled rentals, and also to have power to legislate in cases of sub-letting abuse.

16 Hanover Square, W.1. CLAUDE M. LEIGH.

Miscellany

AUTUMN PLANE

PEELED white and washed with fallen rain,
And weighed with all its jingling pearls,
The girl-white body of a plane,
In whose red hair the autumn swirls,
Stands out, soliciting the cruel
Flame of the wintry sun, and dies,
If only to the watcher's eyes,
In red-gold anguish glowing : fuel
To that cold fire, as she assumes
(Brunhilde) her refulgent plumes
In leaves that kindle as they die—
Of all that triumphs and returns
The furious aurora burns
Against the winter-boding sky.

ROY CAMPBELL.

WEASEL AND WOODPECKER

I HAD been left to my own devices for the afternoon, the keeper, who had accompanied me in the morning, having other calls upon his time. I was glad, for, as a rule, I prefer to be my own gillie. The water was new to me, and lovely water it was, strong, deep and populous, winding through such scenes of beauty as only our chalk-stream valleys can show. My day was drawing to a close and I was making my way leisurely back to the hut where the keeper and I were to meet. I had had good fishing, but I had lost my best fish at the very edge of the net. The angler in me suffered vain regrets, but I had a fellow feeling for that great trout, who, probably not for the first time, had eluded disaster by a hair's-breath.

From time to time I heard guns, and, overhead, duck flighted from the direction of the sound in companies large and small. I halted to watch their hurried passage and to shift the shoulder strap of my fishing bag, which had gathered weight since I set out. And, as often, I pondered the irony of Nature, in whose most lovely and pleasant valleys, far more abundantly than in her most savage territories, is waged the never-ending war of kind upon kind—by men for their sport, by animals out of their necessity. The guns fell silent; there was a great calm upon the deep-flowing river. I strolled on, halting now and again to consider a desultory rise, but I did not fish. The memory of a great trout lost still rankled.

The keeper was waiting for me at the hut. While I took down my rod, I told him of my doings—it seemed that he knew that fish, whose weight he estimated higher than I should have dared. Then he put his hand into one of his capacious pockets, drew forth two dead bodies and handed them to me—a weasel and a green woodpecker. The bodies were limp and warm. They told, in broad outline, their own astonishing tale; the keeper told me the rest.

Attracted by strange, repeated cries, and following their sound, he had sighted the woodpecker climbing very slowly up the hole of an oak tree, and dragging with it the weasel, which had a deadly hold upon its neck. All the while the unhappy bird uttered cries of pain and terror. So intent was the bird upon its efforts to escape and the weasel on its murderous enterprise, that he was able without difficulty to stalk them to within striking distance. The painfully slow progress of the bird had brought them by now to a height of about four or five feet from the base of the trunk. A blow from the keeper's stick killed the weasel and both fell to the ground. " And the poor creature," said the keeper, referring to the bird, " was so injured that I had to kill it too."

I was studying the two bodies. The weasel had not a mark upon it. The bird's neck was torn and bloody, and its long, worm-like tongue with the barbed adhesive tip, so admirably adapted for searching for insects in the crannies of the trees, protruded an inch and more from the tip of its beak. Of all unlikely preys for a weasel this brightly coloured, familiar bird must surely be reckoned the rarest. And yet its fate was easily accountable. We naturally associate woodpeckers with trees, the bark of which they may be seen searching for food, always starting near the foot of the tree and climbing it in a rough spiral. But often enough they feed upon the ground, especially where ants abound, and, when they are intent upon their search, even a man can sometimes approach them very closely. How much more so the light-footed, active, subtle weasel.

With the mind's eye I could follow the hunt. The weasel, out for blood, struck an unfamiliar but not unpleasing line and followed it. The wholly unsuspecting bird, absorbed in its search for food, was an easy prey. A soft, sinuous approach, the red flash of an unerring leap at the throat, and those needle teeth were driven home never to let go till their work was done. The bird, clumsy on the wing at all times, could not rise with that deadly burden hanging from its neck, but it did not give up hope like a rabbit in like case; it made a fight for life. Instinct bade it seek safety in a tree, and so the painful progress began. Slowly and laboriously it struggled with its burden to the base of the oak, doggedly it climbed, inch by inch, struggling to the last; and then the keeper came and the tragedy was brought to a swift close.

I handed back the bodies to the keeper. He replaced them in his pocket, and from the other he produced two more dead bodies.

" The master wished me to get you a brace of duck to take home with you," he said. " Shall I put them in the net of your bag?"

" Thank you," I said. " How very kind."

MORYS GASCOYEN.

THE LOVERS OF MUSIC

IT has been well known among music-lovers that Dr. Vernon Lee had been preparing since many years past a book on the subject of how people respond to music. It is at least ten years ago since I received a questionnaire from her to which I fear I did not reply for two very simple reasons: (1) that I did not know how to reply without giving a misleading account of my response; (2) that to answer such a questionnaire conscientiously involves a great deal of time and thought, more than I could spare.

But now Dr. Vernon Lee has published a solid book of 561 pages,* based on the data which she has painstakingly

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**Music and its Lovers*, an empirical study of emotion and imaginative responses to music (Allen & Unwin), 18s.

collected and upon her own experience. The book is admirably planned, clearly and concisely written, with a refreshing absence of vague jargon, and is packed with interesting information intelligibly classified. In fact, the richness of the material presented so coherently by Dr. Vernon Lee is such that one could find in her book starting points for innumerable trains of speculation. I will confine myself on this occasion to considering the main result of Dr. Vernon Lee's investigation which, I may add, is not in the least surprising to me. The investigation has led inevitably to the conclusion that there are two main types of music-lovers, and that all who like music fall into one or other of these two classes. This division into two distinct classes proceeds from this discriminating question :

> When music interests you at all, has it got for you a meaning which seems beyond itself, a message ? or does it remain *just music ?*

Those to whom music has no message or meaning beyond itself Dr. Vernon Lee describes as " listeners " ; while the others she designates " hearers." Now, by means of her questionnaire, which was comprehensive and very carefully thought out, she was able to make a judgment of the degree of musicality of the answerers to her questionnaire sufficiently reliable to justify her drawing the following conclusions :

(1) The " listeners " are more musical than the " hearers."

(2) " Listening " implies a greater degree of attention than " hearing."

(3) The " listeners " are aware that sometimes their attention lapses and they become mere " hearers," whereas the " hearers " are never aware of any lapses in attention.

I suppose that even the most musical person can day-dream when listening to music, but I doubt whether alongside the day-dreaming there is not an active participation of the musical faculty in full attention. This only applies, however, to those " listeners " of an exceptionally high degree of musical development. There was a time when I could listen to music as a " hearer " ; letting my attention lapse and allowing a stream of associations to drift through my mind in the way that most people who like music do. But constitutionally I was a " listener " and not a " hearer," and it occurred to me suddenly when reading Dr. Vernon Lee's book that it seems years since I have had the experience of this relaxation of attention—an experience which can be an extremely pleasant one and an invaluable aid to sitting through inferior music or indifferent performances of good music. I suspect, therefore, that while, no doubt, we are born " listeners " or " hearers " of music, yet a great deal of development is possible.

As a further description of her two main types Dr. Vernon Lee says that the " listeners " habitually " sit up to music," whilst the " hearers " " lounge " to music. This is, I think, perfectly just. I would say that the distinction depends wholly on the degree of attention given to the music, and I incline to believe that this concentration is purely involuntary and not at all dependent upon the will. The " listeners " are not those with a greater will or determination to listen ; they are simply made so that when they hear music they involuntarily turn the full force of their consciousness, their whole being as it were, to the music, just as a flower turns to the light. This response is wholly unemotional, it has nothing whatever to do with the expression or emotional character of the music they are listening to, for it is a response not of their personal humanity, but of their musical talent or gift.

This contention is supported by a mass of data produced by Dr. Vernon Lee showing how much " listeners " may vary from one another in human character. Now as every human being is a compound of what I may call " talent " (in a lesser or greater degree) and human character it is natural that we should find even among the " listeners " a great variety of attention and of response. We simply do not know what " talent " is, either the musical talent or any other talent ; but it is certain that all works of art are created by the " talent " and not by the emotions of the artist, and I believe that this is also true of the appreciation or reception as well as of the conception of works of art. The idea so prevalent that everybody can be taught appreciation—how to receive works of art—is in my opinion nonsense and is responsible for most of the fatuous opinions that are given with such complacence by people, for example, who think that because they have bought a ticket for a concert they have received a certificate of their fitness to criticise it. If the truth were more generally recognised that one has to be gifted to receive works of art, and that this giftedness can vary from a small to a great degree as it can with the creators themselves, then people would be more modest and not so ready to utter worthless and idiotic opinions.

It has often been observed that talent goes with the power of concentration, but it is possible that they are one and the same thing. What supports this idea is the impossibility of concentrating by merely willing it. True concentration—concentration of the kind and in the degree I am thinking of—is always involuntary. At its most absolute it is what we know as genius. The mind of the musician of genius is itself music. Whenever it is active it is active in tones, and I think it probable that the mind of a great musician is always full of tones.

I incline to another belief which will seem outrageous to some people, and it is that culture has nothing whatever to do with art, and if not inimical or positively hostile to art is at least quite alien to it. Now it is culture which is taught and can be taught, and it is culture which is directly connected with human emotions. It is by means of culture that human emotions are refined and guided into socially useful or beneficial activities. But art is not concerned with the visible world, the societies in which men and women congregate to live ; it is concerned with the invisible world, and that is, perhaps, why works of art and artists of genius so often shock the men and women who are their contemporaries. This would suggest that, ultimately, there is a connection between emotion and talent, between the human being and his genius. It is, after all, what we should expect, but the " particular go " of it (to use Clerk Maxwell's famous expression) is very mysterious. Certainly the connection is not a direct one. Every artist knows this, and now Dr. Vernon Lee has provided irrefutable proof of it.

W. J. TURNER.

FORM REFORMED

MR. PAUL NASH'S exhibition at the Leicester Galleries is an event of real importance. He has never committed himself to over-production, or vamped up the scraps in his studio in order to force the pace of his demand on the public attention—a proceeding which is now far too common. As a result, his work always carries its conviction of quiet authority. But these forty water-colours are still more interesting because isolated pictures lately shown indicated a departure from his accustomed method. In the body of his exhibition this appears less pronounced than might be expected. *Wood and Hill*, *Pillar and Wood*, and *Hilly Landscape*, have all the old admirable qualities of space and rhythm, conveyed in faithful representation. But in *Tree Landscape* and *Window Landscape*, where there is less sense of movement and distance, the effect depends less on associations with nature, and more on form alone. Then, in *Piano*, *Liner* and *Skeleton*, this tendency reaches its logical conclusion. The excitement is in pattern only, for which the object portrayed is merely the excuse, and of no value in suggestion. In the successful instances, and there are many, there is a compelling charm of line and perspective, and always the pure delight of Mr. Nash's colour. But when, as in *Quincunx* and *River*, the " self-contained " construction fails to complete itself, the impression is that of a faulty acrostic, and makes one question whether Mr. Nash may not be seeking to load an essentially visual form of communication with more intellectual subject-matter than it can fitly bear. When the argument in his pattern balances its means of expression, there is no doubt of his success. He is an individual discoverer, and has provided an exhibition of fascinating interest.

Mr. Ben Nicholson, in his exhibition of oil paintings at Messrs. Tooth's, goes much farther than Mr. Nash in denuding form of its association-value, using, indeed, symbols of form rather than form itself. And these symbols carry the least possible weight of expression on their own account, consisting in the musical instruments, carafes or fragments of type, which French painters from Picasso onwards have liberally used. They have little fidelity to their material counterparts, few functions in definition of inherent outline or mass, and only a two-dimensional representation. For all Mr. Nicholson appears to demand of line is that it shall be a rudimentary boundary or separation of colour, and on colour almost exclusively depends the appeal of his work—in exquisitely subtle blacks, browns and greys. It must be granted that he endows this element with most persuasive qualities. The black patch of *Violin* and the gradations of *Still Life*, for instance, are delightfully soothing to the eye. They, and the more successful canvases, could not accomplish their object more fully. It is only when freed from their allurement that we ask, though it may be ungratefully, whether, after all, the spell was not a little too facile. One thing is done very well; one element of painting exhibited with great charm. But there are many painters who accomplish this, merely in a background or a single passage of their picture, and then pass on to other things. We cannot help asking if Mr. Nicholson's singleness of achievement, his restricted objective, is really a sufficient satisfaction in itself, especially when compared with all the possible resources of his art. He has prepared his canvases magnificently, but has he really begun to paint on them?

In their general scheme it is impossible not to relate Miss Barbara Hepworth's carvings in the same gallery to Mr. Henry Moore's. They explore three-dimensional possibilities in the manner inaugurated in this country by that admirable and adventurous sculptor. There is not always the same inevitable continuity in her work as in his. In *Kneeling Figure*, for instance, the development of the head leads to an accretion, whether wilful or haphazard, which is like a chapter of unnecessary padding in a novel. But in such cases as *Two Heads* and *Woman with Folded Hands* the interest is at once logical and excitingly varied. The carving is beautifully done, and Miss Hepworth's fine, sensitive artistry gives full value to the inherent qualities of her different materials. In sculpture the artist has at once one dimension more than the painter ready to his hand, without the necessity of creating it. The material has already a capability of interest, which is not the case with pigment. Thus we demand from the painter a greater compensating effort of communication, since from the intensity and variety of its communication an art makes its appeal. Mr. Nicholson seems not to have taken sufficient advantage of his opportunities in this respect; but in her carvings, Miss Hepworth's handling of her material is almost an end in itself, and in nearly every case her invention triumphantly completes the task.

Messrs. Nash and Nicholson and Miss Hepworth all raise extremely interesting questions with regard to formal creation. Mr. Walter Taylor, content with selection from existing appearances, shows fifty delightfully gay and lucid water-colours—landscapes and interiors—at 24, Ryder Street. They are an excellent point of departure for the adventure of the other two galleries. T. W. EARP.

PLAYS AND PICTURES

" Follow Me "

AS a study of provincial manners, *Follow Me*, at the Westminster, has a good deal to be said for it. The Scottish players have a pleasant air of unforced matter-of-factness and a style which is polished but unobtrusive. As a play which attempts to raise large issues it is hopelessly inadequate. Frankly, the idea of Christ coming to earth and suffering all over again is a theme fit for great poetry or great philosophy such as is well beyond the range of Mr. Tyrone Guthrie. In the hands of the small man, handicapped by a religious censorship which spurs him on to strain his technique in an effort to bring off a *tour de force*, the treatment seems flat—witness the unhappy melodrama of the second act. Mr. Guthrie violates probability in an effort to make history repeat itself exactly, and ruins his fantasy with earthbound commonplaces. The only conclusion that we can draw in the end is that a messiah is likely to be a disturbing element in the domestic life of his disciples—a truth which calls for no such elaborate presentation. Nevertheless, there are genuine compensations in the acting. Mr. James Woodburn as Matthew, the income-tax collector, gives an admirably balanced portrait of a stolid, kindhearted, sternly conscientious man swept off his feet by an overwhelming conviction, and Miss Elliot Mason as his devoted, capable, uncomprehending wife, suggests a depth of feeling without slipping once into emotionalism.

The Camargo Society

On Sunday evening, December 4, and on the afternoon of the 5th, the Society will present its programme at the Adelphi Theatre. The new ballets will include Penelope Spencer's *The Birthday of the Infanta;* Constant Lambert's *Adam and Eve* and Dowland's *Passionate Pavane.* Tickets for the matinee on the 5th (the Sunday evening performances are confined to members and their guests) may be had from the Box Office on the day of the production and any time by application to Miss J. M. Harvey, 56, Manchester Street, W.1, who will also be glad to send any one the terms of membership of the Society.

Things to see and hear in the coming week :—

Friday, November 18th—
  Pro Arte Quartette, Wigmore Hall, 8.30.
  Dr. Hugh Dalton and Col. Cuthbert Headlam on " National Taxation," B.B.C., 9.20.

Saturday, November 19th—
  Verdi's Requiem, Albert Hall, 2.30.
  Solomon, Grotrian Hall, 3.15.

Sunday, November 20th—
  S. K. Ratcliffe on " What is Love ? " Conway Hall, 11.
  Lord Snell on " Zionism and the Revival of Anti-Semitism in Europe," Hampstead Ethical Society, 158A, Mill Lane, N.W., 6.15.
  H. N. Brailsford on " Socialism in Foreign Affairs." Transport Hall, Smith Square, 7.30.
  " Fear," Westminster Theatre.

Monday, November 21st—
  Professor Thomas Bodkin on " Edouard Manet," 20, Portman Square, W.1, 5.30.
  " Desire," Cambridge Theatre.

Tuesday, November 22nd—
  Kingsley Martin on " A Journalist in Russia," Friends House, Euston Road, 1.20.
  Miss Picton-Turbervill on " Soviet Russia as I Saw It." Howard Room, Y.M.C.A., Great Russell Street, 8.15.

Wednesday, November 23rd—
  Carnation Show, Horticultural Hall.
  Mrs. M. I. Cole on " Women and Children in Soviet Russia," Essex Hall, Essex Street, Strand, 8.
  B.B.C. Symphony Concert, Queen's Hall, 8.15.

Thursday, November 24th—
  Howard Robertson on " Ideals in Modern Architecture," Victoria and Albert Museum, 5.
  Royal Philharmonic Society, Queen's Hall, 8.15.
  " A Kiss in Spring," Alhambra Theatre.

Current Literature

BOOKS IN GENERAL

MRS. CLARA GRUENING STILLMAN has written a life of Samuel Butler. It is published by Secker, with six illustrations, for the sum of 16s. It is a painstaking, considerate, studious, enterprising book. Mrs. Stillman has read all the authorities, some of the manuscripts, every word that Butler published, much contemporary comment, some modern criticism, and a great many handbooks on psycho-analysis. I confess that I do not care overmuch for Mrs. Stillman's style. It combines the vivid present with the equally vivid subconscious. It begins like this : " One morning in the year 1834, the Reverend Thomas Butler came with his young wife Fanny to take possession of the rectory of the little village of Langar in Nottinghamshire." Biographies published in this year 1932 should not begin in that sprightly and conductive manner. One reads onwards (more or less appeased by circumstantial detail) until one reaches page 49. One then meets with the expression " the long arm of paternal sabotage could still reach out to cripple him." On page 59 one encounters the words " the complex ambivalence of his affectional nature," and a few lines farther on emerges the wholly unpalatable phrase : " Something approaching a substitutive father-and-son relation occurs several times in his life, but never again with the same intensity and abnegation." The sensitive reader may be disconcerted, if not discouraged, by the Bostonian pomposity of Mrs. Stillman's treatment. He may feel that somehow, somewhere, Mrs. Stillman has been at such pains to delve the unconscious that she has left a mass of divots upon the putting green. He may feel that Butler, when we come to consider him, was a more simple, a more human, a more alert old gentleman than all that.

* * *

I do not wish to be hard on Mrs. Stillman. It is quite obvious, I repeat, that she has taken infinite pains. She has delved, not only neatly, but bravely. Mrs. Stillman puts a bright, clinical face upon those passages in Butler's life which are very awkward indeed. Yet I regret my putting green. I regret that smooth green surface which entices me towards the central hole. Compare Mrs. Stillman's organised and appallingly full-length portrait with the little sketch which Mr. Desmond MacCarthy scribbled once upon his menu card. I contend that a man who wishes to know the truth about Samuel Butler (and any man or woman of curiosity should entertain such a desire) would learn more from the Butler number of *Life and Letters* than from all the three hundred pages of Mrs. Stillman—I should add almost, than from the two entrancing volumes of Mr. Festing Jones. Mrs. Stillman, by her own confession, has been engaged on this book for over four years. She has spied upon the " thwarted and diminished ego " of Samuel Butler for some fifty months. Fired, as she nobly is, by a desire to be profound and to avoid the superficial, she has concentrated upon the philosophic and biological works of Butler rather than upon his very excellent jokes. She devotes many pages to a perfectly serious discussion of the problem whether Huxley cribbed *The Fair Haven*. She considers *Life and Habit* without question the greatest book that Butler ever wrote. She may be right. I daresay she is. But if she wishes to convince me she should have written either in a less graduate, or else in a less undergraduate style. Her confusion of the skittish with the dictatorial leaves me hostile and unconvinced.

* * *

Let it not be supposed that I consider this a fraudulent book. It is nothing of the sort. As a biography it is intensely honest and well meaning. It is more than that. It is authentic. It is almost scholarly. At moments it is sharply relevatory. My objection to it may be due to a suspicion that Butler himself would have squirmed under such an autopsy. Not that he disliked self-examination. He loved it. Mrs. Stillman is not wholly wrong when she says that " a profound spiritual narcissism determined the manifestations of his inner life "; she is not wholly wrong when she writes : " His business in life was not with other people. It was with himself, though with himself, not only in the personal, but in the largest philosophic sense." I do not care for the way in which she says it, yet I agree with what she says. But in spite of this agreement, I feel somehow that Butler—that shy, that tentative, the almost demure man—would have minded very much the anæsthetic nudity of the operation table. There is a scent of lysol about Mrs. Stillman's book. I have a suspicion even that it is not quite the best sort of lysol. And Butler would have hated it from the depths of his distinguished soul. He would have hated it all the more for its cold kindness, its icy delicacy, its snow-bound correctitude. Narcissus, when it comes to the point, prefers the shadows of olive trees dappling on hot thyme.

* * *

It is so easy to take Freud in one hand, and in the other a shy and fumbling genius who has been unhappy as a child. The sport is admirable; with a thin rifle one pots at sitting rabbits. Yet is this the genial, the humane, the comradely function of biography? It is not indeed. People should never write biographies about other people whom they either worship or dislike. The best biographies have been written by valets and Judases such as Lockhart, Boswell, and Froude. The fusion of two vanities (" two egos " as Mrs. Stillman would choose to say) which, after all, is the essence of good biography, must proceed from a desire on the part of the biographer to show that his own virtues are enhanced in the person of his hero and that his own faults are excused in that his hero also possessed them in a less ignoble degree. Mrs. Stillman enters into no such egoistic relation with Samuel Butler. This may be to her credit as a woman of detached and scholarly perceptions. Yet it is certainly to her discredit as a biographer. She should have realised that biography, if it is to be successful, should not aim at being a wholly noble art.

* * *

As a result of these her misconceptions, Samuel Butler escapes from the pages in the alibi of a Freudian specimen. Yet surely this prim and outrageous genius might have been conveyed to us in a semblance more accurate than this? There is nothing that Mrs. Stillman says about Butler which is not demonstrably accurate. There was nothing accurate about Butler which Mrs. Stillman does not say. Yet, by putting in everything correctly, by leaving out nothing incorrectly, and by cementing these two inefficacies with the reinforced concrete of psycho-analysis, she has failed somehow in her design. Butler was a jollier, a more Clifford's Inn, a more pipe-smoking, a more British figure than she would have us suppose. She is abundantly right, and very intelligent, in indicating that he missed his epoch. How happy, how even successful, would Butler be to-day! She does not omit, either, his significance as a prophet of the revolution against the complacencies of the nineteenth century. She omits nothing. Yet she omits to convey the jolly, the untidy, the cautious, the provocative, the defensive, the fastidious, the petulantly teasing, the soppily credulous, the acidly sceptic, the above all passionately active, temperament of Samuel Butler. She tries very hard to convey all these things. And yet she fails. That is what comes of being very serious about a person who, in terms of extreme seriousness, cannot, with any true revelation, be approached.

HAROLD NICOLSON.

ARNOLD BENNETT IN PUBLIC

The Journals of Arnold Bennett. Volume II. 1911–1921. Cassell. 10s. 6d.

It may be doubted whether any other man, so given to self-expression, so candid as was Arnold Bennett, so succeeded in using that very exceptional talent to keep his self to himself. George Moore, one of whose most consummate artistic creations is George Moore, shows to his readers the self in which he believes or wishes to believe: Bennett, in these journals, in many of his books of essays and impressions, displayed the Bennett who was Arnold Bennett's achievement. Deliberately, at least in later life, he confronted new acquaintances with a perfect work of his own making, and judged their imagination and intelligence very much by the extent of their acceptance of this image. Dull people, self-centred people, superficial people thought that this entertaining character-part was Bennett: and he never undeceived them. The result was often amusing, sometimes embarrassing; but Arnold Bennett did not mind this. He was proud of his creation, and rightly; and if people had not the wit to see what it was, he at any rate had a useful criterion of their characters. He was a shy man who enjoyed superficial relationships, as he enjoyed a party or a play; and he saw no object in inviting the obtuse to his dressing-room, still less to that private room where his shyness disappeared in friendly and disarming ease. Of course it was inevitable that, being the artist he was, he sometimes believed in his creation as his self; the mere craftsmanship of his performance overcame him. There is a most revealing note on Mr. Thesiger's acting in his play *Judith*:

> Ernest Thesiger, the Bagoas, grew sterner as the hour of performance came nearer. I don't think he smiled on Monday at all. He is really an artist. He gave a magnificent performance.

That absorption in a part Bennett understood and admired; and his admiring understanding was due to his own similar, skilful enjoyment in such a feat.

In these diaries the simple, natural Bennett is frequently in evidence, though not perhaps so much as in the first volume. The idiocy of certain people during the war, the dignity of so great a fellow-artist as Hardy, the enjoyment of art, the interest of little ordinary things and of ordinary people, the inequalities of life—all of these evoked in him an unconsidered response. The quality of the response often gains from the colloquial, jaunty methods frequently used in these journals.

> Coming up to hotel in omnibus, an oldish sea-captainish sort of man said to a youngish red-haired woman, that miners had refused the terms of the Minimum Wages Bill. "But, of course, they refuse everything!" said she scornfully. I must have a strike in my continental novel. It is very funny that all the English inhabitants of grand hotels should be furious because miners insist on a minimum of 5s. per day for men, and 2s. per day for boys.

He meets Thomas Hardy at Barrie's in 1917:

> Hardy was very lively; talked like anything. Apropos of Tchekov he started a theory that some of Tchekov's tales were not justifiable because they told nothing unusual. He said a tale must be unusual and the people interesting. Of course he soon got involved in the meshes of applications and instances; but he kept his head and showed elasticity and commonsense, and came out on the whole well. He has all his faculties unimpaired. Quite modest and without the slightest pose.

Then in a different key, about a very different personality:

> Dined at F. E. Smith's. An enormous house, considering it isn't a special house, but only at the corner of a row (32, Grosvenor Gardens). The library is even equal to his boastings about it, but he would continually refer to prices.

All the entries of the war-years, particularly when Bennett, by his position in the Ministry of Information, came in close contact with the prominent people who were "running the war," are marked by shrewdness and sanity. He betrays nothing of the lunatic anti-Teutonism that affected less level-headed persons. This was partly due to his extraordinary flair (he argued with George Moore that this is now an English word) for the best kind of journalism. He was, in his way, a great journalist. He wished, that is, to collect information and to guide opinion: whereas the poor journalist—and he is even commoner now than in the war—relies on the misinformation of tiny cliques and collects opinions, indeed almost catches them. As "Sardonyx" he was contributing to the NEW STATESMAN during the war a weekly article on men and affairs which reached a very high standard.

Throughout the book his references to other authors almost invariably are on the side of generosity. His liking of and kindness to younger men are notably conspicuous, though he may criticise their clothes and their taste. His sense of the appropriate amounted at times to an obsession; he had American standards, rather than English, in matters of dress and behaviour. When Lord Beaverbrook, who became one of his greatest friends, on their second meeting, presented him with a Rops etching worth twenty guineas, Bennett notes in his diary—*Un peu brusqué*; and when Asquith dines at the Reform Club with the "Writers' Group," "he came in a smoking jacket and a good soft silk shirt, but his overcoat and soft hat were ridiculous." This was in March, 1918, and Bennett's opinion on Asquith at that time is worth quoting:

> He showed no signs of decay. He was surrounded by first-class men, some very first-class, but easily held his place as chief man.

Among his hosts were Sidney Webb, J. A. Hobson, Graham Wallas, George Paish, and J. A. Spender. There is a fair number of references to the amount of work done in these years, to his health, occasionally extremely bad, but not so many notes on his earnings. This may be due to the fact that for the war years, at least, there would be a discrepancy between the work done and the money earned, as Bennett often worked for nothing or for very little. He does note, however, that at the end of 1912—in which year there were 1,155 performances of different plays, he received £16,000 "which may be called success by any worldly-minded author. It is apparently about as much as I had earned during all the previous part of my life." Next year, the last for which the figures are given, his earnings were £17,166 10s. 1d. One can see the sardonic hesitation in his entry about H. G. Wells's humorous complaint: "I told H.G. that he ought to spend some of the profit of *The Outline of History* on new clothes. He said *The Outline of History* was ruining him—in income-tax." There are many records of his conversations with fellow-authors, Henry James, H. G. Wells, Thomas Hardy, Bernard Shaw, Frank Swinnerton, James Stephens, and A.E. One of the most entertaining and characteristic is perhaps that between Bennett and George Moore on Christine, *The Pretty Lady*—a book of which everyone, including the author, had far too good an opinion. The entry belongs to May, 1921:

> George Moore for lunch. He is very prejudiced, especially on the old subjects of James, Conrad, and Hardy, but extremely interesting, though long-worded. He said he much wished our acquaintance to continue. He said Christine was the finest cocotte in literature, and that I must have lived with her, and actually witnessed the Sunday afternoon kitchen scenes, etc. I don't think he believed my denial of this and my statement that it was all invented, including Christine.

This volume of the diaries is even more readable than was the first, and fuller of that sensuous life and of that undefeated curiosity in it that Bennett could so truthfully present and so

"BP" PLUS

Plus what?
Plus a little
something
some others
haven't got

abundantly satisfy. Every page has an instance, often sound, of that wry meiosis which was his peculiar gift. One example, taken from his diary while he was in New York, is all that space can allow to be quoted: "For the doorman, the Waldorf is simply a place where the doors revolve 18 hours a day or more."

HUMAN INSTITUTIONS

Methods of Social Study. By SIDNEY and BEATRICE WEBB. Longmans. 8s. 6d.

Writers on the methods of social science have frequently laid themselves open to the charge of making elaborate preparations for a journey on which they never set out. With rare exceptions they have concerned themselves with the theoretical possibility of sociology, with its place in the scheme of the sciences, with its relation to philosophy and so forth. Such discussions are indeed of interest to the logician or epistemologist, but unless they are followed by actual investigations in which the methods are shown at work they are apt to arouse the suspicion that those who indulge in them prefer talking about a job to doing it. Experience shows that even from the point of view of the logician the best things about method in the social sciences have been said by those who have themselves conducted sociological inquiry and have been able to arrive at a methodology by an inquiry into the procedure which has in fact proved fruitful. This is amply illustrated in the work before us. It is not indeed a treatise on the logical and philosophical aspects of the social sciences, but an account of the methods which the authors have themselves employed in their own studies of the nature and history of important social institutions; it deals with the technique of social inquiry rather than with method in the broader sense. Yet behind their detailed account of technique there lies a certain conception of the nature of sociology and a certain outlook on man's place in nature, of great interest to the philosopher and sociologist.

On the technical side the authors give sound instruction to the researcher on the use of documentary evidence and its amplification and interpretation in the light of contemporary literature, on methods of note-taking and interviewing and of observing institutions actually at work. Of special interest is their critical attitude to the use of questionnaires, amusingly illustrated by their own efforts in this direction, and their devastating analysis of the methods employed by Royal Commissions in collecting evidence. On the broader aspects of research they rightly stress the need of co-operation among sociologists and of inculcating an attitude of readiness to consider sympathetically the hypotheses and theories of other sociologists with a view to independent and disinterested verification. They deplore the lack of provision for scientific journals in sociology which would facilitate contact between workers and render possible widespread investigation and verification of hypotheses relating especially to the structure and function of institutions.

The conception of sociology which emerges from this work is that it is a science dealing with all social relationships, but especially with those durable and stable relationships which are called social institutions. Sociology is scientific in that it aims at detachment, continuity and accuracy. The distinction between the natural and the cultural sciences which is so much stressed by some German writers is not regarded by the Webbs as fundamental. Value and meaning enter, in their view, equally into all departments of knowledge. The sociologist is indeed peculiarly exposed to bias due to emotional factors, but methods are not wanting which will serve to correct the errors thus arising. Sociology covers the whole field of social life. Indeed, in many passages in the book the authors appear to regard it as a collection of all the social sciences. Anthropology, jurisprudence, economics and political science, etc., are then looked upon as branches of sociology owing their separate existence to the differences in the technique which each requires. But their final position in this question is not very clear. The object of sociology is to trace sequences and co-existences, and so to render possible prediction of future trends. But the methods of effecting the transition from observed sequences to casual connections is not, I think, really explained, nor is it quite clear what sort of generalisations or laws might be expected as the result of sociological inquiry. The chapter on verification, interesting as it is in its own way, deals rather with the methods of substantiating alleged observations than with the problem of the verification of hypotheses as the logician understands the term.

The Webbs give an interesting and novel classification of institutions on the basis of the mental factors which have gone to their making. They distinguish between institutions which are rooted in and shaped by animal instincts, religious emotion, certain ideals of conduct which they describe as humanistic, and those which arise from deliberate planning for specific social purposes. The classification is important in that it brings to light an assumption implicit in the whole work regarding the forces of social life and evolution, the assumption, namely, that mind possesses true efficacy in bringing about social change. Is this an assumption or a working hypothesis or generalisation permitting of verification by the inductive or comparative study of social institutions? This question does not appear to be faced, nor are any methods suggested for breaking up the complex processes of social change and distinguishing the various cause-factors involved. In the absence of such methods, it seems to me, it is impossible to evaluate the claims made, say, on behalf of the materialist interpretation of history as against those who stress the mental factor and especially the growth of rational purpose. The few instances which they give of the effectiveness of deliberate planning and the decisive role which they assign to the belief in Marxian dogmas in the Russian Revolution are clearly in need of further analysis and would in any event hardly justify generalisations of such vast import. In dealing with the ethical aspects of the social problem the Webbs appear to favour the now fashionable view of the emotional basis of morals. "It is not to the intellectual outcome of science," they say, "but to some feeling in the individual consciousness that we must look for guidance as to how to use the powers that we possess." To me this seems an under-valuation of the possibilities of rationalism in ethics.

The book is full of vitality and vigour and conveys to the reader much of the joy of life which the authors themselves have experienced in the course of their "diggings and delvings" into social facts.

MORRIS GINSBERG.

TWO KNOX A PENNY

Broadcast Minds. By RONALD KNOX. Sheed and Ward. 7s. 6d.

The New Morality. By G. E. NEWSOM. Nicholson and Watson. 6s.

Father Knox is indubitably a better showman than the Master of Selwyn. He knows the patter to a "t." We gape at the neatness of his back-chat and his aim. Bang goes Mencken. Crash goes Wells. Bump goes Russell. Flop goes Heard. Almost he persuadeth us to have a shy ourselves. It's cheap enough, anyway. The hitch comes if we catch sight of a flesh-and-blood original looking on from outside the booth and find ourselves wondering whether Aunt Sally's prototype—or Uncle Gerald's—could, after all, give Master Ronnie a spanking for his impertinence, should it seem worth the trouble. Yes, that is the hitch. Cock your snooks and shy your cokernuts in the Cathedral Close, and you inevitably seem a whippersnapper whether you are one or not. Father Knox is very far from being a mere smart Alec, but his Bank-Holiday-on-the-Heath witticisms may well put off the reader who, while able to enjoy clever controversy in the school-debate, outside of it prefers discussion.

Yet probably Father Knox's method is justified so long as he uses it on the pretentious and the vague. A polished pin is the best weapon against an enemy whose innards are wind and whose surface film; and to a good many of the enemy this description certainly seems applicable. That it does not wholly apply to one at least is easily demonstrable.

> "Life, as it dwells in Lord Russell's ambitions," says Father Knox, ". . . is only a constitutional undertaken by a nervous hypochondriac for the benefit of his health."

Let us now hear what Bertrand Russell wrote about human life:

> Our life is part of the life of the Earth, and we draw our nourishment from it just as the plants and animals do. Many pleasures have in them no element of this contact with Earth. Such pleasures in the instant when they cease leave a man feeling dusty and dissatisfied, hungry for he knows not what. Such pleasures bring nothing that can be called joy. Those, on the other hand, that bring us into contact with the life of the Earth have something in them profoundly satisfying; when they cease, the happiness that they have brought remains, although their intensity while they existed may have been less than that of more exciting dissipation. . . . Love is an experience in which our whole being is renewed and refreshed as is that of plants by rain after drought. In sex

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By ANN BRIDGE *3rd Impression* 7s. 6d. net

Still She Wished for Company

By MARGARET IRWIN *New Edition* 5s. net

The Examination

By FRIEDRICH TORBERG

Translated by F. A. VOIGT 7s. 6d. net

CHATTO & WINDUS
97 & 99 St. Martin's Lane, London, W.C.2

> intercourse without love there is nothing of this. When the momentary pleasure is ended, there is fatigue, disgust, and a sense that life is hollow. Love is part of the life of Earth; sex without love is not.

There does not seem to be much of the nervous hypochondriac about this passage. But Father Knox would tell us that there is a fly in Russell's ointment somewhere, "or, at any rate, a tick in the butter." Or perhaps this passage would seem to him sheer Samuel Smiles.

The Master of Selwyn deals with Russell more solemnly than does Father Knox; but his treatment is on the whole less rather than more satisfactory. He confines himself to Russell's social ethics but makes no serious attempt to take up his challenge to Christianity. "I do not propose to reply to his attack on Christian Ethics because I am not familiar enough with the type of Christianity which the author seems to have in mind." Is the Master of Selwyn unfamiliar with St. Paul's First Epistle to the Corinthians? Has he never turned the pages of Lecky's *History of European Morals*? Russell's challenge to Christianity, bigoted though it is, deserves a response less curtly inadequate than this.

The discussion of sexual morality is full, but it, too, is inadequate and misleading. "Nothing should be allowed to interfere with the freedom of sex life." Thus is the thesis summed up. "Freedom" is by implication quite illegitimately approximated to licence, and Russell's insistence on the interests of children and the value of parenthood is slurred over. An undue proportion of the book is devoted to Russell's interpretation of the behaviour of the Trobriand Islanders; and no attempt is made to controvert the mischievous contention that the mating of two virgins will almost inevitably result in maladjustment of marriage relations.

The weakness of *The New Morality* on its destructive side is not made up for by its constructive philosophy. The Master of Selwyn endorses the view that to the best sort of people "life is a bore unless they can help somebody"; a view which can but exasperate without elevating anyone who finds himself more spontaneously interested in, say, music or mathematics than in lame dogs, and who seriously believes that there is a place for goodness other than the goodness of good works.

The Master of Selwyn has produced a painstaking book which is intended to impress the serious. He cocks no snooks and shies no cokernuts; but nevertheless his attack is to some extent directed against an Aunt Sally of his own making; and the image which he sets up in its place is one which whippersnappers who are not on the side of the angels will delight in pelting. In a world in which fun-fairs already abound this seems a pity.

SUSAN MILES.

HERMANN BROCH'S

THE SLEEP-WALKERS

Aldous Huxley

writes:

"I read the trilogy with steadily increasing admiration. It is the work of a mind of extraordinary power and depth, and at the same time of extraordinary subtlety and sensibility—of a philosopher who is also an artist of exceptional refinement and purity. It is manifestly a work of first-rate importance."

648 pages. 10s.

SECKER

A WORLD OF LIGHT

The Bridge. By NAOMI ROYDE-SMITH. Gollancz. 7s. 6d.

Now that one is obliged, in mere justice, to concede intelligence and technical competence to so many new novels, it is the more necessary to use strong language about those writers whose gifts, far transcending intelligence and competence, fail to advertise themselves in any startling philosophy or eccentricity of manner. The quiet sanity of Miss Naomi Royde-Smith's fiction is something to be grateful for at a time when violence passes for strength and oddity for genius, but it is calculated to conceal from the world at large how decidedly better a novelist she is than all but a very few of her contemporaries. Her new novel, like its predecessors, is luminous (not "brilliant") with a mellow wisdom; quick with a sense of human values; shrewd, penetrating, ironical, but never sharp. For an imaginative writer, that is to say for a poet, knowledge and intelligence, though necessary, are not enough; and it is perhaps the most precious part of Miss Royde-Smith's endowment that she is able, at will, to enter the state of being which we call childhood, a state in which the freshness and candour of pure sensual perception is apt to be unclouded by ratiocination. Her memory of that lost Eden sheds lustre both on the early and on the later pages of *The Bridge*. For the loss is neither absolute nor final; the paradise is buried in ourselves and can be discovered if only for a moment.

Andra, the very young wife of Everard Pontifex, Rector of Fletton's Ambo, becomes aware, at last, of having somehow missed the bridge that should have carried her from childhood to maturity, from dependence to spiritual self-possession. Marriage has surprised and at first disconcerted her; but she has affection for her husband and gives kindness in return for his middle-aged passion. A child is born to her and dies within an hour; and the unhappy father is informed that a second child would mean the death of his wife. Thereafter, husband and wife live together in celibacy. The children of Everard's first marriage are fond of their young stepmother; the eldest, Cyprian, is within a few years of her age; the youngest, Brigit, is brought up by her. For some years Andra submits without active discontent to this strange lukewarm manner of life, more or less acquiescing in the complacencies and evasions that pass for goodness in Fletton's Ambo. Her chance of realising herself, of breaking the invisible threads that bind her, comes when she visits Cyprian and Lisabetta (his wife), who live in the South of France. She finds herself, to her surprise, desiring the embraces of their friend Bairstowe, an Englishman, who is also of the party; and at this point Brigit dramatically re-enters the story and a strange psychological tangle is revealed—and resolved. We need not pursue the plot further, beyond saying that Andra's pent-up sexuality finds utterance at last in a brief, ecstatic affair with a French soldier, casually met: an affair as frank, innocent, and unthinking (for the lovers have no common language) as the mating of birds or beasts. Returning to her Rectory, Andra has ample time for repentance, but experiences nothing but sorrow and exultation:

> She had committed a great sin and it had brought her into tune with the innermost revelation of the truth these people around her believed they worshipped. She sat among them, wider than they and prouder . . . Their devil was her god: but her god was their god too—seen as the fount of life and the ordainer of sacrifice that life might be made manifest and abundant.

The Bridge has not, to my mind, the lyrical inevitability and formal perfection of that little masterpiece, *The Mother*, but that was hardly to be expected of a book planned on so much larger a scale, and so diverse in colour, character, and incident. Miss Royde-Smith is incapable of bad or dull writing; but I find this book too heavily weighted, at times, with topographical exposition. At such times Andra is in some danger of becoming a mere window through which we get a kaleidoscopic view of foreign parts. To travel, and to travel alone, and to take delight in new places, was an experience that contributed much, no doubt, to her

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emancipation; but I feel that the point could have been made with more economy. This, however, is perhaps rather the confession of a personal idiosyncrasy than a piece of criticism; and probably to many readers these travel pages will seem an additional embellishment in a book of whose high imaginative quality there can be no question. GERALD BULLETT.

"TO US THE HOOFS"

Collected Sporting Verse. By WILL H. OGILVIE. Constable. 12s.

Here's Horse Sense. By R. S. SUMMERHAYS. Constable. 7s. 6d.

A 'Hunting We Will Go. By BRIGADIER GEOFFREY BROOKE. Seely, Service. 10s. 6d.

Hounds and Dogs. Edited by A. CROXTON SMITH. Seely, Service. 15s.

Shooting Days. By ERIC PARKER. Philip Allan. 12s. 6d.

One of the sixteen poems which are collected together for the first time in this omnibus volume of Will H. Ogilvie's Sporting Verse, seems to sum up the whole tone of his work.

> To us the restless hoofs assign,
> To us the throbbing of the heart,
> Which, when the colours range in line,
> Waits trembling for the race to start.

He sings "To us the hoofs"; whether they drum the furrow in the chase, or the turf of the polo ground, or the baked acres of the ranch, or, returning home after the hunt, the macadam of the road. Mr. Ogilvie's poems, instinct themselves with the speed and breathlessness of the chase, and the colour plates by Mr. Lionel Edwards which adorn the collection as a fitting complement of the verse, contain the sparkling crispness of a hunting morning. To have both between two covers is convenient; but one suspects that most of those who want to know Ogilvie have made his acquaintance in his separate volumes.

If Ogilvie sings horse-rapture, Mr. Summerhays (Martin Gale of the *Field*) certainly talks "horse-sense." He addresses himself to the youngsters whose first ponies have just inspired them with the same jubilant feelings as the poet's when he cries "To us the hoofs." What Mr. Summerhays has to say is undoubtedly timely and will be all the more timely if, at the same time that it attempts to foster, from the beginning, good habits in the novice, it can be read with an uneasy conscience by adults whose bad riding habits, cultivated by crassness, are not only getting the better of them but also presenting a shocking example to the youth which looks to them for guidance in what it is told is an art but which is made to look like an accident. It is possible, however, that the studied simplicity of the author's style and, for that matter, of the "horse-sense" itself, is more likely to irritate the uneasy mind of the adult than to prompt him to reforms. Although as a jumping-off place for his homily to young horsemen, Mr. Summerhays chooses the point, which might upset some of his readers in their extreme fondness for their pets, that the horse has little intelligence and only "a fair amount of sense," his subsequent remarks make his meaning quite plain and will soothe the disturbed pride of the most scornful young pony-owner who is going to find a good take-off for his riding career if he will digest this sound and admirably constructed little book.

The first volume in the Lonsdale Library is ample evidence that Brigadier Geoffrey Brooke can write "horse-sense" too, but there was no forecast in that book of the skill of a humorous novelist and *A 'Hunting We Will Go* might have been more plainly put as "a 'hunting she would have him go." The volume relates with considerable anecdotal charm and a humour which, not shadowing Jorrocks, is a rarity in present-day hunting literature, the trials of an indifferent performer, spurred on by his wife's and his own enthusiasm to brave the scorn of the centaurs he so much admires. From its dressing there is no reason to suppose that this book is a novel, much less a delightful one. Brigadier Geoffrey Brooke knows the secret of "varying the chase"; he avoids that dyke of repetition where so many hunting-novelists come to grief.

There is no place for humour in *Hounds and Dogs*, between the covers of which Mr. A. Croxton Smith has shepherded the opinions of more than forty authorities on about fifty different breeds of working dogs. Pets are passed over; nor does any dog which cannot claim some sporting usefulness receive notice. These collaborators, none of them given enough room properly to stretch themselves, are all writing with the intention of explaining the working points of animals which do not always coincide with the show points, although in more than one case the latter have influenced the sporting value. On account of the brevity of the contributions, the bulk of the book must take its value from its qualities as a work of reference, invaluable as such, although the more general chapters at the beginning provide excellent reading-matter, especially the opening symposium of opinions on the best animal for the one-dog shooting man. Views on this matter do not differ as much as one would expect, and the choice, for rough shooting, taking the important question of expense into consideration, is narrowed down to one between the golden retriever and the Springer spaniel. Having progressed so far, the one-dog man can turn to the section devoted to his choice and study information about its care, training and working. The book, not limiting itself to treating of dogs and hounds for the more common pursuits of shooting and hunting, devotes space to the training of dogs for coursing, for police purposes, sheep driving and the almost obsolete hawking, while a separate chapter, almost too brief to be useful, deals with using poodles as retrievers—which, although not an original idea, might give a new lease of life to the popularity of the poodle, surely a dog that has had its day. There is an abundance of illustrations to exemplify the points of the text.

As one of the contributors to the symposium on the best animal for the one-dog man, Mr. Eric Parker demands all the more respect on the strength of his delightful book *Shooting Days*, which, originally published in 1918 in small octavo when, as his publishers point out, "good paper was unprocurable," has now been reissued in a worthy form illustrated with reproductions of old shooting prints. It is a volume of memories and odd thoughts on shooting "in English fields and woods and on the moors and hills of Scotland, Ireland, and Wales." It is no treatise on the preservation of game or the use of the gun, but an example of the gracious essay which every kind of sport seems to inspire in someone.

FREDERICK THE GREAT

The Superman. By NATHANIEL AUSUBEL. Routledge. 18s.

Recent books on Frederick the Great show clear signs of the disillusionment caused, or hastened, by the Great War. Frederick is no longer the hero, but the man. Mr. Ausubel's work is no exception. He cares nothing for the battles: the Leuthens and the Zorndorfs are contemptuously dismissed in a few indifferent, and sometimes inaccurate, lines. What he is interested in is the strangely tangled "psychology" of Frederick. How to account for Frederick's attitude to women; was he a conscious hypocrite when he wrote the *Antimachiavel?* did he deceive himself when he sought literary and musical renown? was his cynicism a pose?—these and suchlike questions are what Mr. Ausubel sets out to answer.

It is clear that the solution lies, partially at least, in Frederick's terrible upbringing: and Mr. Ausubel accordingly devotes four hundred out of his eight hundred pages to his life as Crown Prince—twenty-eight years in which he was bound to learn how to conceal his thoughts, to suspect humbug in everybody, and to rely upon himself alone. He may also, not unnaturally, have come to believe that the Prussian people, having stood so much from his father, would stand anything from *him*: and he was right. These chapters are perhaps the best in Mr. Ausubel's book. But we think he worries too much about the physiological aspect of Frederick's marital relations. It is not astonishing that he should have avoided intimacy with a bride whom he detested, and who had been forcibly thrust upon him.

Though Mr. Ausubel follows the modern fashion in his title, and in the excessive liveliness of many of his paragraphs, there is a pleasing absence of a feature which disfigures many recent biographies. There are few fancy pictures, and no invented conversations. We know where we are with him, and do not need to be constantly asking, "Did this really happen?" The facts are given, and we are permitted to draw our own conclusions.

It is our duty, however, to remark that for a book of this kind there are too many minor errors both of style and of substance. To say, "On becoming King Frederick substituted Apollo's enchanted lyre for the bloody sword of the war god," is to say

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exactly the opposite of what is meant, and to say it with ridiculous pomposity; and this is but one example, in many scores, of pomp out of place. We have "Frederick concurred heartily *to* Beeceiste's proposals," "candidature *to*," "different *than*." "ascension" for "accession," and many instances of the American present subjunctive after a past tense: "demanded that the Austrian army *retire*." Forgetting Samuel Wesley, Mr. Ausubel says that the fame of Bach is due to Zelter and Mendelssohn. Voltaire, of all people, is dubbed the "Pope of atheism." Roland and Orlando are spoken of as different persons. At Torgau Frederick defeated the *Russians*. A little restraint, and a little care, would have saved the reader a good deal of annoyance.

E. E. K.

UTOPIA

Imaginary Worlds. By PAUL BLOOMFIELD. Hamilton, 7s. 6d.

To-morrow's Yesterday. By JOHN GLOAG. Allen and Unwin. 6s.

Mr. Paul Bloomfield has written a witty and inconclusive book on Utopia. He has not taken his subject too seriously, and there is a pretty glimpse of the author's garden in summer which suggests the diversions of a holiday task. He is obviously happier where he is than he would be in most of the Utopias described in this book. A dozen Utopias are examined in turn; their authors are Plato, More, Campanella, Gott, Morelly, Mercier, Cabet, William Morris, Hertzka, Wells, Shaw, and Aldous Huxley—a variety of promised lands, some of them pleasant at any rate through unfamiliarity. Mr. Bloomfield plumps for Morelly and Morris; he is all for Arcady. Taking the Utopian as dreamer rather than prophet, he makes a lively round of his Wembley Exhibition, and ends up happily at home. Mr. Gloag is more prophetic. *To-morrow's Yesterday* is partly a satire on modern advertising and partly a prophecy of the future. He does not quite succeed in combining these themes. Advertising plays the part in *To-morrow's Yesterday* that politics played in *Back to Methuselah*; and the change is hardly for the better. Shaw's picture of the present in terms of political squabble was inadequate, and in the end boring despite its brilliance; and Mr. Gloag's little world of advertisers is even more inadequate when he uses it as a basis for denouncing Western civilisation. Still, one must take his book as it comes. Apart from the debt to Shaw, and a wittiness which rather blunts than enhances Mr. Gloag's liveliness of idea, *To-morrow's Yesterday* contains some good fantasy and an occasionally penetrating satire. London's new "mystery cinema," advertised with modest lavishness in the press, presents its patrons with a German film "of a new kind," in which the destruction of the human race is pictured from the point of view of two time-travellers of the future who return to study the past. They find that the world was plunged into an annihilating war between the United States of America and the United Soviet States, which resulted in the return to primitive tribal life of those who survived the war. Eventually they too died out, and in course of time a new Shavian sexless race evolved from cats. These robots, as shown by Mr. Gloag, are complete neuters, whose sole positive quality is that they can think to one another instead of speaking, and whose virtue consists apparently of not doing all the things that human beings did—fight, cheat, make love, and, of course (for this is Mr. Gloag's strong point), write advertisements. All this is shown in the film at London's newest cinema, and such an outcry (why?) is raised, that the film is banned. At this moment the first news of a real incipient world war leaks out; and the book ends, reality having reached the point where the film began. The satire on advertising which runs through the story adds a welcome, if somewhat irrelevant, zest.

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This is a book full of vivacious and often indiscreet charm. It seems a great many years since Mrs. Atherton took London with *Patience Sparhawk*, and then with *American Wives and English Husbands*: this was in the 'nineties, and her recollections are a useful reminder that those years were not all yellow. Mrs. Atherton, as one would expect, is a little preoccupied with "Society" in the narrow sense; and she is too sure that what Americans find odd in English people is therefore necessarily comic. There is a story told of her sister and Alice Meynell, which shows, quite unintentionally, that Mrs. Atherton's sister was rather stupid and provincial. One of the most affecting passages in the book tells the tragic story of Lady Colin Campbell, who was a great friend of Mrs. Atherton's. Famous men and women crowd the book's pages, and if the author is frequently rather sharp-tongued, she is rarely malicious; after all, she has been for so long celebrated for a quick wit and a pretty habit of pricking the pompous and affected that no one would expect to find her autobiography lacking in pepper.

The Bull Calf. By JOHN LINDSEY. Joiner and Steele. 7s. 6d.

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whom the reader can have any degree of affection. It is curious how often the realist is so anxious to present the truth and nothing but the truth, that he forgets that it is his task also to present the whole truth; this is not to say that Mr. Kerr's stern and often moving indictment of working-class respectability in a Scottish town is untrue, but merely that for the moment he hates so strongly that he can only see the objects of his hatred. These, however, he views with the clear-sightedness conferred by powerful emotion, and not only his characters, but the town in which they live, come startlingly to life. Glenshiels is made to seem an entity, exerting the influence of fate itself on Mr. and Mrs. Mackinley and their son and daughter; Mr. Kerr has obtained his effects with the cruelty and the delicacy of a fine yet bold etching, and it is only occasionally that the machinery by which he has obtained them works with a too apparent effort. Those who think that the appalling tyranny of convention was killed by the war should read this novel.

Desert Islands. By Walter de la Mare. Faber and Faber. Cheap edition, revised and enlarged. 7s. 6d.

Buried treasure is traditionally associated with desert islands, and Mr. de la Mare's many admirers will not only be grateful to his publishers for making more accessible his previously discovered hoard, but to the author himself for having discovered additional wealth; and assuredly each of the new eleven pages is worth more than its weight in gold. For the rest, this volume is an exact reprint of the earlier, more expensive, edition, on smaller paper and with Mr. Rex Whistler's charming decorations reproduced in line instead of in collotype; that is, it contains some seventy pages of an incomparable essay which is made the welcome excuse for over two hundred pages of incomparable notes. Those who have not yet read the essay, or discovered what Mr. de la Mare has to say on such matters as being marooned, turnips, or the action of Cannabis Indica, and on such persons as Mather, Mandeville, and Defoe, should hasten to repair their omission.

Evening Memories. By Sir Herbert Maxwell. Maclehose. 16s

The interest of Sir Herbert Maxwell's memories lies not in any dramatising of situations or "artistic" heightening of the shades of character, but in their frank, straightforward, unsensational record of the last eighty years. They may be, as the author says, merely a "chronicle of small beer," but small beer is a good honest drink, and rare enough in these days of exotic drinks designed to tickle the palate without satisfying the thirst. Sir Herbert's life has not been one of exceptional adventure. Born of a good Scottish family, he went to Eton and Oxford without distinguishing himself at either place, and then lived the life of a country gentleman, and entered Parliament; he shows that he has all the prejudices of his class and breeding, but his record of eighty years of public and private life possesses an historic value; Sir Herbert's political experience, his financial difficulties, his account of country life and of men and manners in general, have a genuine honesty of presentation and purpose.

Days and Ways of a Scottish Angler. By Henry Lamond. Allan. 12s. 6d.

Meditations of a Middle-aged Angler. By T. E. Pryce-Tannatt. Blackwood. 7s. 6d.

There is a most agreeable personal note in Mr. Lamond's reminiscences and not the least interesting passages in the book are those which record his friendships and his antipathies—the latter being self-constituted "authorities." Mr. Lamond is as loth to allow as to claim authority. His angling advice is singularly free from dogma, and all the more useful on that account. His notes on Trout Legislation, Fishery Inquiries, the Courtesy of the Water, and such technical matters as the thinning of trout streams, are particularly valuable. Dr Pryce-Tannant, in the course of his meditations, which cover the whole art of angling for trout in a way that should appeal to the tyro and excite the expert, has some pertinent things to say on the ethics of angling, which he rightly divorces from purism and recognises as reasonable consideration for other anglers. You need not use a dry-fly in Scotland to please the Houghton Club, but to be caught worming at Stockbridge would be to put yourself beyond the pale. Dr. Pryce-Tannant discusses rods at length. He favours a greenheart fly rod—there he has Mr. Lamond with him—and would have rod makers discard the ferruled joint and go back to the spliced.

William of Orange. By G. J. Renier. Davies. 5s.

Dr. Renier has written an unromantic and readable sketch of the life of William of Orange. He tells a straightforward story, relies on facts, and is not inclined to stretch knowledge to meet prejudices. He has no use for heroes or villains. History books and the guide at the Binnenhof to-day still make your flesh creep with the horrid story of de Witt's death. Dr Renier disposes of this in a sentence. De Witt's life is treated with respect, and we get a glimpse of a man wise above the average, who would probably have been better pleased that William was influenced by his teaching, than that William should mourn his death. Also, in the conscientiously worded references to Mary, we have a better portrait than the usual one of her as an "unhappy wife."

The Bridge to Power. By Ivan Morton. Wishart. 7s. 6d.

The story is written almost entirely as dialogue, a continuous packed exchange of ideas on the nature, scope and value of power. Is power a means to satisfaction, or is power its own satisfaction? The theme is complicated: the book is full of technical engineering similes, mathematical phraseology and philosophic reflections. But Mr. Morton has carefully limited his argument, and far from being either shapeless or wearisome, the story holds the attention. The characters are rather more than life-size, though not out of proportion; and there are romantic and banal passages which break up, but do not obscure, the materialistic outline. These are not static, adult characters. They develop with all the overlapping inconsistencies of human nature, both in themselves and as they seem to each other. Ideas are important and events are treated lightly.

A History of Europe, 1378–1494. By W. T. Waugh. Methuen. 16s.

Mr. Waugh's period used to be regarded as one of transition between the mediaeval and modern world, but to those who adopt the current theory of gradualness all periods are transitional. This book can be recommended as a very interesting product of recent research, there being scarcely a chapter which does not contain revisions of old-accepted notions. These range from the view taken of the English policy in France under the Duke of Bedford to a consideration of the Italian Renaissance strictly as a phase in an unceasing movement which began about the year 1000. This last, means that Italy ceases to have a special interest as the birthplace of a cultural revolution, and, incidentally, we are now mercifully spared many of the old interminable details about the Italian states. The lesser Estes and Medicis sink back into obscurity, while the reputation of the Humanists undergoes a change, they being now censured for ruining Latin as a living language. On the other hand, Germany and the Slavonic countries come in for more attention, as does the rise of the middle-class and nationalism. Mr. Waugh makes the interesting point that the failure of the Conciliar Movement affected adversely the development of constitutional government in a century during which representative institutions generally suffered a decline.

About Motoring

CARS UNDER TEST

AMATEUR motorists should be very grateful to the various journals which face the heavy financial outlay of testing every new car of real interest, and reporting on its merits to the buying public. This task is tackled in an economical vein by many newspapers, whose motor correspondents simply take a free ride, and dictate their impressions. But the authoritative motor journals, notably the *Autocar* and the *Motor*, approach their task in a more scientific and extravagant spirit, for they take sample cars to Brooklands, where their speed and acceleration and braking distances are meticulously verified. Weight, seating dimensions, fuel consumption and other quantitative features are ascertained and published. And on those imponderable factors which defy measurement, such as the sensations of steering and springing, the verdict of an expert possessing catholic experience is recorded. On October 28th last the *Autocar* experience of the cars of 1932–1933 was summarised for analysis, and the three pages of detail and conclusion deserve careful study by anybody who is buying a new car this season.

The average speed of the tested cars, as registered over a flying half-mile at Brooklands, was 64.76 m.p.h. for the British vehicles, 76.43 m.p.h. for the Americans, and 78.05 m.p.h. for the Continental cars. This implies no slur on home products, as our taxation system forces our designers to concentrate on low-powered machines. The fastest Britisher was the new 20 Alvis (89.1 m.p.h.), a speed exceeded by two Americans—the Lincoln Sedan (95.74 m.p.h.) and the Stutz saloon (90 m.p.h.). Two foreign cars easily exceeded these figures, the 8-cylinder Sports Delage recording 98.9 m.p.h., whilst the Alfa-Romeo "blown" eight touched 106 m.p.h. In acceleration from 10 to 30 m.p.h., a factor which makes for safety quite apart from the sheer joy of the physical sensations involved, the average period was approximately eight seconds for the assorted British cars, including many babies; 5½ seconds for the high-powered American range; and six seconds for the Continental assortment, of which a large percentage were of the sporting pattern. The record acceleration of four seconds was shared between the Frazer-Nash, the Lincoln Sedan and the Alfa-Romeo. Anything from seven seconds to eight seconds may be regarded as quite satisfactory for a medium-powered, medium-priced saloon.

The special economy merits of British cars are thrown into relief when fuel consumption is considered as the average rate for sixty-three British cars of every conceivable type. Price and size was no less than 26.89 miles to the gallon, whereas of eleven American cars submitted for test seven recorded less than 20 miles

[The lines in italics below appeared (and still appear, we believe) following the novel reviews in a certain well-known journal.]

★ ★ ★ ★ ★

A Masterpiece!

> " *To enable readers to judge the merits of novels at a glance, we add stars to these short notices. Five stars denote a masterpiece, four stars a novel of outstanding quality, and so down to one star.*"

Think of that now! Isn't it simplicity itself? Not even necessary to read the four-lined review discussing what is apparently an eighty-per-cent. masterpiece, i.e., four stars! One just looks at the stars, so to say, and makes up one's library list. Fine!

Thus prompted, we began to ask ourselves whether the qualities of men's tailoring could be graded with equal simplicity.

What is a tailoring masterpiece, we wondered... And who is most competent to judge, the tailor, the wearer, the wearer's wife or fiancée, the wearer's male friends? Who? Perhaps the wearer is the best judge, for, after all, the appearance of a suit, whilst a lot, is by no means everything. The comfort is all important, and only the wearer knows about that, although other people can usually tell when a man is not quite comfortable in his clothes.

Having decided, therefore, that you, dear reader, are the only one in a position to judge whether Goss can create a masterpiece suit, will you come along and make the test?

The Brothers Goss would help you to make your choice from a range of materials already very carefully selected. One of the brothers would measure you, and later cut out your suit himself.

You would be fitted in a few days, probably two fittings would be necessary in order to reach the Goss standard.

Presently the suit would arrive, and if, in the privacy of your home, you were to detach the little Goss label from inside the jacket pocket, and, holding it to the light, look very very carefully, who knows, you might discover the mark of the masterpiece, *five stars!*

Goss's modest first floor premises and slight overheads, also their practice of asking customers to pay cash on completion of order, make possible very reasonable charges for a standard of tailoring equal to any obtainable in London. A thoroughly reliable Goss suit or overcoat may now be bought for Seven Guineas, the better materials costing Eight to Ten Guineas. Dress suits Eight to Twelve Guineas.

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WRITES A SMOKER FROM THE GOLD COAST:

"*Might I say how much I enjoy your* "*tobacco,* **the hiss-ss is always a sign of "a pleasure to come."**
"*Since I returned from leave I have in*"*troduced Barneys to a number of people:* "*they have handed on the good news, and* "*it is really surprising the number of people* "*who are smoking Punchbowle* and Barneys* "*here to-day.*" [The original can be inspected]

The Barneys "EVERFRESH" Tin has solved a problem as old as smoking itself: *how to maintain Tobacco everywhere in perfect smoking condition.* To the dry places, to the cold places, to the moist ones and the hot ones, Barneys now travels *and arrives* in all the freshness of its original making.

Inside the "EVERFRESH" Tin is a virtual vacuum, imprisoning *every atom* of Barneys' *initial* freshness and fragrance. To break the seal you pull the rubber Tab; the lid then lifts easily and . . . you are greeted with something which has gladdened the hearts of men in a thousand lonely places: the rich aroma of cheery, honest North-Country Barneys . . . *friendliest* of all the World's Tobaccos, as sweet and fresh as when it left its Tyneside home.

"The Hiss-ss is always the sign of a pleasure to come"

Barneys
THE IDEAL
TOBACCO

To open the "EVERFRESH" Tin, just pull the Rubber Tab. When you do this, the vacuum is released, and air rushes, *hisses* in, and the lid lifts easily.

Until then the "EVERFRESH" Tin is sealed and locked, *indefinitely.*

★

Barneys (*medium*),
Parsons Pleasure (*mild*),
and **Punchbowle** (*full strength*)
are each available in the "EVER-FRESH" Tin at 1/2 the ounce

(182) Made by John Sinclair, Ltd., Bath Lane, Newcastle-on-Tyne.

a gallon. This is natural for a country where "gas" is cheap, and tax is not based on engine size. The Continental cars were thirstier of fuel than ours, but this result is perhaps misleading, as imports from across the Channel consist chiefly of sporting cars de luxe. France and Germany can furnish their nationals with plenty of economical cars, though these cars do not enjoy appreciable export markets. The standard of braking is gradually levelling up. There was a time when American brakes were notoriously bad. The *Autocar* brake test concentrates on verifying the distance in which a car can stop when travelling at 30 miles an hour. Nowadays a considerable degree of uniformity exists, for the sixty-three British cars stop in an average distance of 33ft. as compared with 37.3ft. in the corresponding test series of 1931, and 39.3ft. for 1930. The eleven American cars stopped in an average of 33.9ft. and the eight Continental cars in 32.8ft. It is interesting to note the extremes. The poorest brakes of the whole entry were encountered on a mass-produced British car, which required 45ft. for its stoppage, no Continental car demanding a greater distance than 37ft. though this culprit was a very expensive and luxurious vehicle. The American car with the poorest brakes was also of high power, though not terribly costly; it required 41ft. Easily the best brakes in the whole squadron of eighty-two cars were fitted to a 20 h.p. Armstrong-Siddeley, which pulled up in no more than 23ft. at 30 m.p.h. The (American) Lincoln Sedan, which on all scores is a far better car than many Britons realise, stops in 28ft. at this speed; and the best-braked Continental car was the cheap and little-known Lion-Peugeot, which stops in 29ft. Genius is an infinite capacity for taking pains, and it will be noticed that the net result of an intensive research on brake design and brake materials does not reduce the stopping distance at 30 m.p.h. by more than a yard per annum. This yard is not to be despised, for each diminution of one yard implies the saving of quite a number of lives. Readers should test their brakes in the light of these figures. Any result approximating to 30ft. is good, and if the distance is 40ft. or more, the brakes unquestionably require immediate attention. When a man has owned a car for several years, or even for one year, his memory is apt to fade, and he forgets how much more powerful his brakes were in their original factory adjustment

It is perhaps a pity that the technical journals cannot devise some scientific method of distinguishing between various efficiencies in suspension systems. Many years ago Capt. W. G. Aston ingeniously photographed the differences between sundry spring designs. He mounted small electric lamps on various portions of the cars, both sprung and unsprung; and then photographed or filmed the cars in inky darkness, thus obtaining graphs of the actual and relative movements. This method is obviously too cumbrous and expensive for daily use. Professor Low's inventions include a vibrometer, which was intended to be carried on board a car, and to furnish comparative indices of its suspensional efficiency; but it has never been brought into common use, and is presumably unreliable. The comfort of a car is of prime importance nowadays, when speed, fuel economy, braking and acceleration tend to settle down to a stereotyped level for cars of any given size and price. These journalistic tests would possess even greater value for amateur buyers if they could include some test of suspension more satisfying than the *ipse dixit* of the testing personnel. Nevertheless, these gentlemen are reasonably frank, and their reports often include a guarded hint that a certain car rolls or pitches a trifle more than their judgment is prepared to accept as normal for the type. The *Autocar* tests are certainly laborious enough, for during the past twelve months they have included 20,000 miles of road, and have consumed a thousand gallons of petrol.

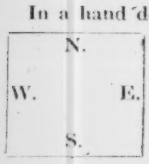
R. E. DAVIDSON.

Playtime

CALIBAN'S PROBLEM CONTEST

Problem 18.—GRAND SLAM.

In a hand dealt at Contract Bridge, the bidding went as follows:



E.	S.	W.	N.
1 ♥	double	2 ♥	3 ♦
No Bid	3 ♥	No Bid	3 ♠
No Bid	5 ♠	No Bid	6 ♥
No Bid	6 No Trump	No Bid	7 No Trump
	All pass.		

West led the ♣ 8, North played the ♣ 9 and East the ♠ 5.

North played the following cards to the remaining tricks, in the order given:

Trick 2	♣ J	Trick 8	♦ K
,, 3	♠ 7	,, 9	♦ A
,, 4	♠ 9	,, 10	♥ A
,, 5	♠ J	,, 11	♦ 10
,, 6	♠ K	,, 12	♦ 8
,, 7	♦ Q	,, 13	♣ K

To the 13th trick, East played the ♦ 7. South took all thirteen tricks in one hand.

What were South's thirteen cards?

No. 16.—THE DIE-HARDS

Codger should mark each face of his die with a 'B.' This, though not in my view the most interesting problem I have set, is probably the most difficult. I will publish the detailed solution next week.

No. 15.—END GAME

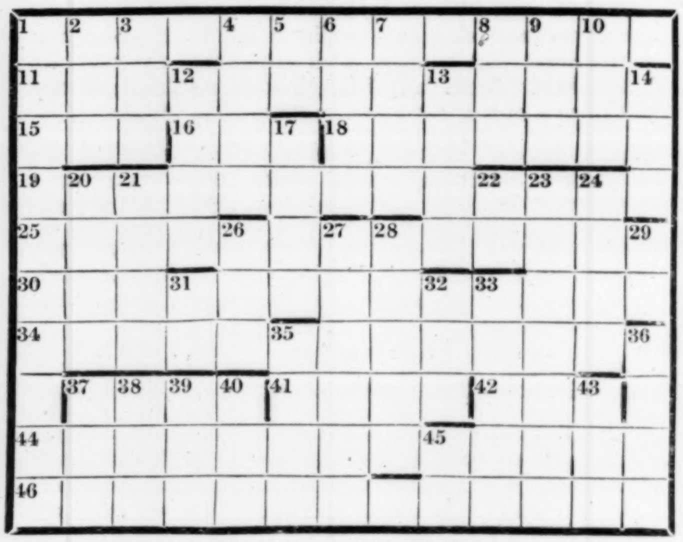
Sets of Low's cartoons are awarded to:

J. E. Keyston, Magdalen College, Oxford.
G. Bowen Kenvyn, Secondary School, Kena, Upper Egypt.

There were 27 correct solutions.

Sets of Low's cartoons, in portfolio, will be awarded to the senders of the first two correct solutions opened. Solutions must be addressed to CALIBAN, c/o NEW STATESMAN AND NATION, 10 Gt. Queen St., W.C.2, and must reach this office not later than Tuesday, Nov. 29th.

TRINCULO'S CROSSWORD



THIRTEENS ARE LUCKY.

ACROSS

1. Quality which Trinculo (who is no economist) attributes to his Crosswords!
11. Politicians are fond of these.
15. The card that flies.
16. This age is a muddled one.
18. Mood that might alternatively be vacant.
19. So the angels sing.
25. Bell notes are.
30. Oil with sugar.
34. Monkish order.
37. Mr. Harrington.
41. Hindustani.
42. Not antic hay.
44. Making brutes.
46. Not commendable in a juror.

DOWN

1. Not an L.M.S. guard.
2, 3. You just take these.
4 *rev.* Tarradiddles.
5. Place reference.
6 *rev.* Throw out.
7 *rev.* Late Victorian heroine.
8 *rev.* Mr. Coolidge said the preacher was against it.
9, 10. Bacchic and confused.
12. "Monarch of the glen" uprooted.
13. Upset in the cellar.
14. No.
17. Became less useful after having puppies.
20. Implies its own anagram.
21 *rev.* Little valley.
22. Half naked.
23. Twisted fence.
24. Praise in the Vulgate.
26. Beloved of the pedant.
27. Defective both mentally and physically.
28. Mind, they bite.
29. "Jolly."
31. Galsworthy play.
32. Sing not on this estate.
33. The Loos of peace-time.
35. End of much literature.
36. Important in music.
37 *rev.* "Whole" some.
38. Half of 9 and 10, when straightened out.
39. Hat after 40 *rev.*
40 *rev.* See 39.
43 *rev.* Opposed to the "pro."
45. Stop without pause.

LAST WEEK'S CROSSWORD.

ACROSS.—1. housebreaking. 13. ecclesiarchs. 15. balalaika. 17. epwe (weep). 18. dropsicalness. 23. (t)oi(l). 24. aspergillus. 26, 29. mncaai (maniac). 27. tentacles 30. iaram (Maria). 31. humto (mouth). 32. don. 34. C.R. 35. oboe. 36. bear. 37. Anak. 38. tblun (blunt). 39. kine *rev.* 40. leln (Nell). 41. hee. 42. eaters *rev.*

DOWN.—1. hebdomodal. 2. ocarina. 3. slapstick. 4. eelspear. 5. bsai (bias). 6. R.I. 7. (b)eak. 8. A.R.A. 9. bullneck *rev.* 10. phi *rev.* 11. N.S.W. 12. guesswork. 14. cloacinal. 16. icr. (cri). 19. agamous. 20. lichen. 21. element. 22. sustain. 25. enrobe. 28. table. 33. one. 38, 39. thee.

CALIBAN.

"**. . . . *something* must *be done!***"

NOW and then a paragraph in the press catches your eye. Another man, or a woman, is to be hanged. Another boy or girl is to be sent to prison. You read that already in this year of grace thousands of your fellow men and women have been sent to prison for debt.

And because you have a heart, you exclaim—" Something MUST be done ! "

Then you realise the utter futility of individual effort and the next heading in the paper turns your mind to something less unpleasant. We don't blame you ! You are preoccupied with the hundred and one duties and interests of your life—your work, your family, and, occasionally, your hobbies.

But, stop a minute. As individuals we are powerless, but in the Howard League we can (and do) combine to secure reforms in our penal system which public interest, common sense and humanity alike demand.

The Howard League or its parent societies, by educating and organising public opinion, have made possible all the great reforms in our penal system for the last 70 years :—Probation, Time for the Payment of Fines, Special Treatment of Young Offenders, the shortening of Remand Imprisonment, Prison Education, the Abolition of Solitary Confinement and other Prison Reforms.

At Home, the League maintains a constant struggle (by meetings, publications, information sent to Members of Parliament, etc.) against grievances, apathy and reaction.

At Geneva, the League has brought forward the question of the treatment of prisoners, and has obtained recognition of the international aspects of penal reform by the League of Nations.

Whilst nearly all the work is done by a devoted band of volunteers, there are inevitably considerable expenses—offices, printing, postages, etc. Sad to relate, too, our chief, almost our only, endowment, invested in foreign railways, has just failed us.

Five Pounds has been given by a reader of " The New Statesman and Nation " to pay for a quarter-page advertisement in this journal, and the management has very generously doubled the space. So now it is up to you ! We cannot afford to advertise regularly, so please respond before our appeal is crowded out of your mind. It is, after all, the duty of every one of us to help in any way possible.

WE NEED 200 MORE GUINEA SUBSCRIBERS AT ONCE!

HOWARD LEAGUE FOR PENAL REFORM

Parliament Mansions, Victoria Street, London, S.W.1.

"There's no sweeter Tobacco comes from Virginia and no better brand than the '*Three Castles*'" —THE VIRGINIANS

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THREE CASTLES

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THE WEEK IN THE CITY

WAR DEBT—GILT-EDGED OUTLOOK—ROTHERMERE FINANCE—PRUDENTIAL INVESTORS

BY TOREADOR

EVERYONE cries out for the war debts question to be taken out of politics. But surely it ought to be taken out of business. The wrangle over war debts is not only upsetting the security markets but holding up a world recovery. The *Economist* proposed a businesslike settlement in its debt supplement last week which should be welcomed by the City. This was a proposal to substitute for all existing obligations a fresh issue by the debtor Governments of bonds limited in amount to the figure which the debtors can safely float in the American markets. It would mean the scaling-down of debts in a proportion comparable with the writing-down of the German reparation annuities at Lausanne, namely 90 per cent. Great Britain, if similarly treated, would have to pay America next year, at the current rate of exchange, not £55½ millions but £5½ millions. If we take a round sum of £6 millions and divide it as to £4 millions for interest and £2 millions for sinking fund we find that a capital sum of £100 millions would be repaid over the period of the annuities. The annual service of £6 millions would be a practicable proposition if the American tariff barrier were lowered so that we could increase our exports. What is the alternative ? The first annual payment to America in 1923 was equivalent to six months' exports to America. Our next payment, thanks to the depreciation in sterling, is equivalent to nearly four years' exports on the basis of the trade returns for the first nine months of 1932. Obviously any attempt to pay America at the rate of £55½ millions a year would cause a catastrophic slump in the sterling exchange, which is the last thing that America wants to see. Surely the war debts problem is a business one which can be settled only on realistic, business lines. The President-Elect is aware that there can be no lasting revival in American trade if the level of commodity prices (in gold) is being continually pulled down, as appears to be the case, by the depreciation in sterling. The stabilisation of sterling—which allows the stabilisation of most of the currencies " off " gold—is now the most important factor in a world economic reconstruction. Can the American Congress be made to see it ? There is hope, for Mr. Roosevelt was elected because he dissociated himself from Mr. Hoover's doctrine of American self-sufficiency.

* * *

The gilt-edged market is still suffering from indigestion. The new 3 per cent. Conversion Loan (issued at 97½) recovered on Monday to 9/16 premium only to lapse again to 1⅞ discount. I am still of the opinion that the disease is functional, not organic. On December 1st the Government gives the market a tonic injection of funds. There are, of course, end-of-the-year influences to bear in mind but the basic factors in the gilt-edged market are (1) cheap money and Government policy, (2) bank money and trade, and (3) the investment policy of insurance companies. As regards the first, there is good reason to expect a continuance of cheap money for a considerable period. The experience of past trade cycles is that British Government funds maintain their market valuations for the first year or two of a trade revival. Moreover, it is the Government's policy to maintain cheap money for trade as long as possible. It is a mistake to suppose that the Government has no further interest in maintaining a strong gilt-edged market seeing that it must be anxious to fund a proportion of its floating debt while money remains cheap. As regards the second factor, there is no reason for holders of Government funds to become nervous while bank advances continue to decline and deposits and investments to rise. The following table is instructive.

LONDON CLEARING BANKS
Average Weekly Balances (in £ mils.)

	Advances to Customers and Other a/cs.	Current Deposit and Other a/cs.	Investments.	Bills Discounted.
	£	£	£	£
1929	991.2	1,800.2	257.2	228.7
1930	963.0	1,800.6	257.9	263.8
1931	918.7	1,760.3	309.8	256.5
January 1932 ...	904.9	1,714.0	283.4	239.3
February 1932 ...	902.3	1,658.6	279.6	207.5
March 1932	902.1	1,676.4	281.9	216.8
April 1932	881.0	1,680.5	287.5	240.1
May 1932	871.4	1,699.0	300.2	246.5
June 1932	852.2	1,764.4	339.7	277.7
July 1932	836.2	1,803.9	348.8	317.4
August 1932	816.2	1,850.6	363.5	374.4
September 1932 ...	802.7	1,864.9	383.0	392.2
October 1932 ...	795.1	1,893.4	411.6	390.5

The fall in advances slowed down last month—an encouraging sign—but those who declare in the face of these figures the British Government stock will fall ten points are just scaremongers.

As regards the investment policy of insurance companies, we must await the bonus announcements next year. If the insurance companies reduce their bonuses they may be content to remain in Government securities for as long as money remains cheap. It must be remembered that insurance companies hold nearly 250 millions in British Government stock. These are the basic factors, but for technical reasons the gilt-edged market will remain irregular until the stags have been eliminated from 3 per cent. Conversion Loan.

* * *

Cheap money is like the gentle rain from heaven which blesses both the just and the unjust. I do not propose to draw invidious comparisons, but who in Northcliffe House would have expected two years ago to fund the cost of the provincial newspaper war at under 5 per cent. ? Northcliffe Newspapers, Ltd., the company which bore the losses of this megalomaniac venture, is being wound up and its provincial newspaper assets transferred to Associated Newspapers Ltd., the prosperous company which owns the *Daily Mail*, the *Evening News*, the *Sunday Dispatch*, and the *Overseas Daily Mail*. The £3,000,000 5½ per cent. debenture stock of Northcliffe Newspapers, which is guaranteed as to principal and interest by Associated Newspapers and Daily Mirror Newspapers, is being paid off. Thus the skeleton in the Rothermere cupboard is being decently buried. The funeral expenses are, of course, being mostly paid for by the investing public. There has been an issue of £1,500,000 Associated Newspapers 4½ per cent. Ten-Year Notes at 98⅜ and of 1,200,000 5 per cent. cumulative preference shares at par and 251,852 ordinary shares at 25s. of the Daily Mail Trust, the Trust subscribing for 1,500,000 5s. deferred shares of Associated Newspapers at 18s. Thanks to cheap money the issues have gone well. The Associated Newspapers Ten-Year 4½ per cent. Notes, redeemable at 103, are now quoted at 101¼. The Daily Mail Trust preference shares were many times over-subscribed. The costs of acquiring 1d. daily circulation are still mounting in alarming fashion as a result of the race between the *Daily Mail*, the *Daily Express* and the *Daily Herald*. but the Rothermere papers yield to none of their competitors in the " slickness " of their financing. The poor Berry group has so far funded only part of its legacy from the provincial newspaper war—and that at 6½. Of the issue of 2,000,000 6½ per cent. first preference shares of Allied Newspapers made in June last only 62½ per cent. was taken up. Perhaps they will try again.

* * *

Here follows a suggestion for an American preferred share investment for those who believe in a Wall Street recovery. Some English and Scottish investment trust preference stocks are yielding only 4½ per cent., although the margin between the net profits and the fixed charges (debenture interest and preference stock dividends) is slender. I would advise holders of such stocks to exchange them for the $6 preferred shares of Prudential Investors Inc. at 72. This is an American investment trust managed on conservative lines. Its balance-sheet at June 30th, 1932, disclosed $2,942,650 in cash, call loans and U.S. Treasury and other short-term notes, while investments had a book value of $4,844,692 of which 73½ per cent. were in common shares. The trust's proportion of preferred shares to common is low, being 50,000 to 525,000. True, the trust's preferred share dividends are not too well covered—1.2 times in the first half of 1932—but I understand that the directors intend to invest part of the surplus cash in bonds giving a better cover for preferred dividends. On an assets valuation the preferred shares appear cheap at the market price of 72. Their break-up value at June 30, 1932, was 115, and at that time 51 per cent. of the net assets was represented by cash and short-term notes. To-day the break-up value is about 140. The common shares held by the trust would have to fall by 75 per cent. in market price before the break-up value of the preferred shares fell to the legal minimum of 66, at which dividends must be passed. At the present price of 72 the $6 preferred shares yield 8.33 per cent., assuming a constant exchange or 7.88 per cent. if sterling improves from 3.31 to 3.50.

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